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CONTENTS.

I. AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT. By Sir Samuel Baker,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	387
II. SIR CHARLES DANVERS. Part XI.,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	400
III. THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> ,	407
IV. A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OPORTO,	<i>New Review</i> ,	415
V. LADY BETTY'S INDISCRETION,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	422
VI. THE FOHN,	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> ,	429
VII. FREDERICK ELTZE,	<i>Good Words</i> ,	436
VIII. SHAKESPEARE'S BEAR GARDEN AS IT IS,	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	441
IX. ARCTIC ASIA,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	444
X. MY ORDERLY,	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	445
XI. THE ANCESTRY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON,	<i>Athenaeum</i> ,	447

POETRY.

THE THROSTLE,	386	IN THE GARDEN,	386
EPICURUS AND THE SPHINX,	386		

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THE THROSTLE.

I.

"SUMMER is coming, Summer is coming.
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again"
Yes, my wild little poet.

2.

Sing the New Year in under the blue;
Last year you sang it so gladly.
"New, New, New, New!" Is it, then, *so*
new
That you carol so madly?

3.

"Love again, song again, nest again, young
again!"
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See! there is hardly a daisy.

4.

"Here again, here, here, happy year!"
O warble, unchidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.
New Review. TENNYSON.

EPICURUS AND THE SPHINX.

I.

OH, melancholy Sphinx! the haunting glare
Of thy stone eyes,
Vexes my soul, and goads me to despair
With mysteries
Too deeply hidden in the vast unknown,
For narrow Reason, on her doubtful throne,
To probe and scan;
Why ask me to declare what Nature is,
And why God fashioned for their bale or bliss
The earth and man?

II.

And why the evil which we feel and see
In Nature's scheme,
Should be a fact in cruel destiny,
And not a dream?
And why it should, since Time's perplexing
birth,
Over our lovely and prolific earth
Its shadow cast,
And track the populous planets on their way,
Lord of the present and the future day,
As of the past?

III.

Why should I strive to see the reason why,
Through narrow chinks?
Dark are thy riddles, and beyond reply —
Oh torturing Sphinx!
If Good forever is at war with Ill,
And Good is God's unconquerable will,
I'll seek no more
To solve the mystery of his design,
Beyond the scope of Reason to define.
On Time's dark shore.

IV.

I am; I think; I love; and while I live,
And it is day;
I will enjoy the blessings it can give
While yet I may.
Joy skips around me in the wholesome air,
All Nature smiles: the universe is fair
With heavenly light;
For me, the sun downpours its rays of gold,
The rivers roll, and all the flowers unfold
Their blossoms bright.

V.

For me the stars the eloquent sky illumine,
For me the Spring
Inspires with love and joy and fruitful bloom
Each living thing,
For me, the grapes grow mellow on the
stalk —
For me wit sparkles and old sages talk
Of noble deeds;
The blithe lark carols in the light of morn;
And reapers mow the golden-bearded corn,
To serve my needs.

VI.

For me, the vintage sparkles in the bowl,
And woman's wiles,
Sweet as herself, invade my heart and soul
That love her smiles,
Oh, Sphinx! thy riddles shut the daylight out!
Faith is the anchor of the true devout,
And Hope their guide;
And when my last hour comes, may every
friend
Say I lived bravely till the destined end —
And bravely died!
Temple Bar. CHARLES MACKAY.

IN THE GARDEN.

WHEN the night comes down
Over field and town,
And hides all the flowers and meadow daisies,
I turn my eyes to the blossoming skies,
To the far-off gardens of Paradise,
The mistletoe boughs in the starry mazes,
The daisy borders, white and dense,
And the nebulous meadows of innocence;
To the radiant spots
Of forget-me-nots,
The jasmine Harp; and twinkling down,
The anemones in the Northern Crown;
To the tiger-lily that nods and glows
In the crescent bed of the larger Lion,
The stars of Bethlehem and Sharon's rose,
And the great white river that heavenward
goes,
And waters each plant and flower, then flows
Right on to the beautiful city of Zion;
And my heart is so filled with the wondrous
view,
That it overflows in reverent praises,
And mourns no more for the violets blue,
For the roses sweet and the meadow daisies.
C. M. DICKINSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.
AFRICAN DEVELOPMENT.

BY SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

THE SOUDAN.

SUCCESS in life must depend upon the ability of an individual to perform his special work; this will necessitate experience and application to the subject; whether it be political or judicial, commercial or mechanical, the necessity remains—we must understand our business. This is accepted as an axiom in all private affairs, and a man would be ridiculed if he attempted to perform upon the violin without having studied the instrument, or should he plunge into deep water without having learned to swim; nevertheless we see persons in high authority who occupy ministerial departments which entail special knowledge, of which they are entirely ignorant.

It is said that Java was handed over to the Dutch because the British minister was ignorant of its geographical position and importance, and he was ashamed to confess it; thus we lost a possession of infinitely greater value than the whole of our West Indian islands. In the same manner the Soudan has been lost to Egypt through the paralyzed action of Great Britain. We knew little or nothing about it, and were too proud to learn, or to betray our ignorance. The recent history of Egypt has been a highly colored picture which exemplifies the compound methods of confusion in the labyrinths of British policy.

It is hardly to be wondered at that "Perfidie Albion" is a byword on the Continent. The great outside world, to which we are supremely indifferent, regards us with a mixture of admiration and contempt; their admiration is at intervals awakened by some sudden stroke portending a grand policy; to be followed by contempt, when the opportunity is wasted, and the heaving of the mountain produces the poorest specimen of a mouse, whose timid squeak is falsified by events which belie our public declarations.

When England first accepted responsibility of action in Egyptian revolution, the French fleet steamed out of Alexandria harbor, as a protest against European in-

terference in the affairs of a country which formed a most important portion of the Ottoman Empire, belonging to his Imperial Majesty the sultan. When the French fleet quitted the waters of Egypt their responsibility ceased; their influence and political voice should have ceased also. The English fleet destroyed the batteries of Alexandria, but the sophistry of a Gladstonian government declared that we "were not at war." Upon that illogical plea we could destroy, but not protect; therefore we annihilated all local authority by a bombardment of the forts, but declined to land troops to defend the city. We drove out the natural defenders, and abandoned the greatest town of Egypt to the plundering anarchists, who burned the capital before the eyes of the British fleet. This preliminary step to a British occupation of Egypt entailed a loss to the country of four millions sterling. Events move rapidly, and the destruction of Alexandria, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the advance on Cairo, although brilliant in immediate political results, are regarded as ancient history. England found herself, as though in a dream, in military possession of Egypt, without any policy, or any idea of what course we should pursue.

Under these peculiar circumstances it became necessary to reassure the sultan, into whose dominions we had intruded, and to explain to European querists something concerning our intentions. We were quickly supplied with one of those charming Gladstonian utterances that inevitably pacify the anxious inquirer, as they sound so well, and are spiced with humanitarian principles of the highest merit. The British were declared to be in Egypt to restore or "re-establish the authority of the khedive."

To effect this humane project we were to reform the administration of Egypt, to abolish the *corvée* (forgetting that it exists in India and Ceylon), suspend the system of flogging (forgetting that our own sons are flogged at Eton), and generally we were to correct all abuses, and manufacture a model administration that should remain as a landmark of British political architecture, leaving the khedive upon the

envious throne, from which he could survey his country purged from discontent and revelling in prosperity; the result of a good government based upon these principles which had raised a Gladstonian ministry to a pinnacle of fame; which comforted their supporters, but perplexed the outside world.

In order to reassure the authorities, and the Egyptian population who had been in open rebellion against their lawful ruler the khedive, we announced our intended departure as almost immediate; at first we declared that we should remain only a few weeks, and, as unbelievers exist in all ranks of life, Lord Hartington was appealed to in the House of Commons, and the world was assured from the mouth of a minister that the British evacuation of Egypt would take place decidedly in "six months."

It appears incredible that practical statesmen could deceive themselves with the belief that we could gain the confidence of a people by assuring them of our almost immediate departure. If we had wished to destroy all confidence among every class in Egypt there could not have been a more certain method, as the people reasoned thus: "Why did these cunning English invade this country? Why did they bombard and destroy Alexandria and kill a thousand of our people? Why did they kill two thousand of our soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir? If they came to restore the authority of the khedive, why did they interfere to save Arabi Pacha, the rebel, who was condemned to death for rebelling against the khedive? Why have they sent this rebel as an exile to their beautiful colony Ceylon, unless they intend to reproduce him at a future time to serve their policy? Why should they take the administration out of the hands of the khedive and reduce him to a mere puppet, if they profess to re-establish his authority? How can they expect to re-establish his authority if they reduce him to a cipher in the estimation of his people? Why should they, if honest, throw dust in our eyes and declare that they intend to depart from Egypt in a few weeks or months? Would they have taken all this trouble for love of the khedive? No;

these English are either fools or liars, but they cannot be fools. They commenced in India with only a few yards of ground and a small factory; they are now masters of an Indian Empire—these people are infidels and liars, they are here under false pretences, and they say they are going away simply because they are afraid of France. The French did not invade us; God be praised they are natural enemies of the English, and Inshallah (please God) the time will come when they will be driven out."

I have actually heard these arguments used by Egyptians, who have at the same time asked with some anxiety, "Why England should interfere with the administration of Egypt when she cannot govern Ireland within a few hours of her own shores?"

In order to instil confidence if possible, or to lessen the apprehension of the sultan, our most able minister plenipotentiary, Lord Dufferin, was instructed to leave Constantinople and betake himself to Egypt, to inquire into every abuse, and to institute reforms, through a model administration made especially to order, like a new boot warranted to please the wearer, and to fit all manner of feet without pinching the most tender corns.

It was impossible to make a better selection, and no political Hercules could have taken greater pains to cleanse the Augean stables, but a broom was necessary, and the Gladstonian broom was too weak in the bristles for a work that required not only skill, but unflinching perseverance and determination. If Lord Dufferin had been unfettered, if he had been given time to effect his purpose, and by slow though sure degrees to gain the confidence of the people, and to obtain their sympathy and co-operation, he would have succeeded better than any living man, but what was his position? He was called into a sick-room like a consulting physician, the usual medical attendant being Sir Edward Malet (our consul-general and diplomatic agent). The British government was not satisfied with the humiliation of the khedive, whose power was absolutely destroyed through our intervention, but our own consul-general was

overshadowed, as though not competent to fulfil the task imposed. The necessity of a consulting physician was a reflection upon the ability of the ordinary practitioner, and nevertheless the greater authority was almost immediately withdrawn. He was to write a prescription and to disappear, leaving the patient to swallow a dose, the effects of which required his undivided skill and personal attention.

Lord Dufferin returned to Constantinople; his departure was regarded by the khedive and all his ministers with unfeigned regret; they felt that they had lost not only a sincere adviser, but a friend.

The withdrawal of the ambassador had a disastrous effect, as it appeared to confirm the declaration of our intended evacuation of Egypt, and thereby shattered the foundation for future confidence which had been so carefully prepared.

Sir Edward Malet was shortly promoted as our minister at Brussels, and subsequently to Berlin, thereby confusing the Egyptian mind, which naturally reflected that a man of that calibre and estimation, if fitted for posts of such dignity and confidence, might have been entrusted by his government with the management of his Egyptian patient without the assistance of a consulting physician.

It is absolutely ridiculous to summon the assistance of a professional adviser if you are determined to oppose his measures. The Gladstone ministry completely paralyzed the action of their representative by special instructions from which he could not deviate. England entered Egypt under the pretext of enforcing order and restoring the authority of the khedive. The first step was to reorganize the army and to establish a gendarmerie for the protection of the country, but at the same time that we assumed the control of Egypt, we declared that all which pertained to the Soudan was beyond the sphere of our jurisdiction!

We thus established "a house divided against itself." The Arabs were always difficult to govern, and although the administration of the Soudan had been defective, the people had been kept under

tolerable subjection; but disturbances are contagious, and the rebellion of Arabi Pacha had vitiated the atmosphere; germs of discontent were floating in the air, ready to spring into active life should an opportunity arise favorable to their development. At this critical moment, when all authority had been overthrown by Arabi and the English had invaded Egypt to secure the khedive upon his throne, we proclaimed to the world that we should hold entirely aloof from the affairs of the Soudan, thereby inciting the Arabs to throw off the Egyptian yoke and to declare their independence.

There were two vital points upon which the Gladstone ministry was determined, both of which were fatal to the prosperity of Egypt.

First, in the army reorganization scheme they absolutely prohibited all Turks, Arnauts or others, from enlistment. The entire Egyptian army had only lately been in open revolt against their ruler, the khedive; nevertheless, to please the people, instructions were issued that the newly organized battalions should be composed entirely of the fellaheen, a great portion of whom had a few weeks before been running, with the points of British bayonets in their posteriors, after the defeat at Tel-el-Kebir. These were to be the protectors of Egypt, and the loyal defenders of the khedive, after the departure of the British forces at the expiration of six months from the date of occupation.

It appears incredible that such an arrangement should have been insisted upon, but so determined was the British government upon this point, that all Turks who had been recruited before the order had been issued were transhipped, and returned to their respective ports of embarkation. The Egyptian army was to be purely and simply a native force, with no foreign element except the Soudanese, which formed the black battalions. These blacks were the only reliable material, but as the British victory had annihilated all military organization, the Soudanese regiments had dispersed, and it was difficult to discover and re-form their units.

Any administrator would have argued that if the Egyptian army had only re-

cently mutinied against the khedive, it would certainly repeat that insurrection when the British forces should be withdrawn. If our own authorities believed in the declaration of the ministry that we should withdraw from Egypt in a few months, how could they possibly entrust the peace of Egypt and the safeguarding of the khedive to the same people who had declared against him, and who would, after our departure, be incensed at the remembrance that the British troops had supported him, and crushed themselves, his adversaries, in the lines of Tel-el-Kebir?

The new army organization was originally planned by the late General Valentine Baker Pacha, and he had suggested a mixed force of Turks, Albanians, and other fighting races who never would fraternize with the fellaheen, whom they would regard with contempt. A mixed force, divided into separate battalions, would never combine in insurrection. An army of ten thousand men of the best fighting material would have been not only a physical but a moral power. The Sudan blacks would have been collected, and when assured of honest payment, they would have become splendid troops under the tuition of British officers. The moral effect of Albanian troops in connection with Turks would have been sufficient to establish a wholesome terror among all those who were in sympathy with rebellion; at the same time a new army of such staunch material would have formed an irresistible force, ready for action at immediate notice, either at Souakim or elsewhere.

Instead of this, a positive veto from ignorant Downing Street debarred Egypt from the services of Albanians, Turks, and all other valuable aid; the new army, and also the gendarmerie, were to be composed of those native fellaheen who hated a military life, and were emasculated as a fighting element. Their idea of battle was a quick retreat. Their war-song would have been that well-known martial verse,

He who fights and runs away,
Will live to run some other day.

General Valentine Baker was appointed by his Highness, the khedive, as commander-in-chief to reorganize his army, and he, as I have said, was in favor of well-known military material. The British government was opposed to this, and in order to prove the truth of their declaration that they had appeared in Egypt to re-establish the authority of his Highness Mehemet Tewfik, the khedive, and repre-

sentative of the sultan, at once interfered with his appointment, and substituted Sir Evelyn Wood as commander-in-chief, to create and command an army of such utterly worthless material that they dared not venture to expose them to the attacks of the half-armed Arabs then in insurrection at Souakim.

The gendarmerie was then confided for organization and command to General Valentine Baker, who, as the khedive's appointed commander-in-chief, had been shelved by British intrusion and reduced to an inferior command, and was under the same necessity of restricting his recruits to the worthless natives of the country. The result may be imagined. There was a nominal army, and a nominal gendarmerie, both of which had to be paid, although practically useless if called upon in emergency. These two bodies were under British officers.

Egypt at that period was at rest within the limits of the Delta; beyond that, England had disowned all responsibility. The fanatical movement of the Mahdi had commenced in the Soudan; Mahomet Achmet, a religious enthusiast, who had been quieted by a subsidy during the reign of the astute Khedive Ismail, had been deprived of this narcotic stipend through British cheeseparing when reducing the expenditure of Egypt. The soothing influence of an annual subsidy being removed, this holy person exhibited his power by fanning the sparks of discontent, and he quickly raised a blaze of insurrection through Darfur, Kordofan, and Senaar.

The worthless Egyptian troops were utterly defeated in the two first-named provinces, which were wrested from the power of Egypt and entirely lost; thus, south of Khartoum, the actual frontier was exhibited by the White Nile, a well-defined and easily protected boundary. Senaar, upon the east, between the White and the Blue Nile, was the battle-field upon which, with fluctuating success, the rebel forces and those of the khedive were in almost daily conflict. This was the position of Egypt a few weeks before the departure of Lord Dufferin; if he had remained, the outlook might have become more favorable, as hard and fast regulations might have been modified according to the necessities of events.

England had declared that she declined all responsibility in the Soudan, which was beyond the sphere of British interference. At the same time two provinces, Darfur and Kordofan, had been absolutely lost to Egypt, and the garrisons of Obeid and

other military positions had been taken prisoners. The fortunes of Senaar were trembling in the balance; that province is one of the granaries of the Soudan, upon which Khartoum generally depends, as the Blue Nile, which forms the eastern boundary of Senaar, is the navigable channel for all commerce. If Senaar were lost, Khartoum would be starved into submission.

In these pressing circumstances it was of the highest importance that strong reinforcements should be sent without delay, both to Souakim and Khartoum, under the command of experienced British officers. Here came the pinch! England was in occupation of Egypt; the khedive had no authority; he could not move his finger without the sanction of our representative; and yet the necessity was admitted upon all sides that troops must march immediately to the Soudan, although England had declared that "the Soudan was beyond the sphere of British interference."

All half-hearted measures are doomed to failure. There was no way out of this dilemma. We looked ridiculous. The position demanded action; and it was arranged that General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, should start for Khartoum, *via* Souakim, with as many Egyptian troops as could be got together for such special service.

There could not be a greater proof of the necessity for foreign material in the composition of the Egyptian army. A few battalions of Arnauts or Turks would have crushed all resistance; but the unfortunate General Hicks started from Cairo with utterly worthless Egyptian troops, who were known to be so faithless that they were not trusted to carry arms on board the transport at Suez, but their rifles and ammunition were despatched to Souakim only to be delivered to the men upon disembarkation.

At that period through the dislocation of responsibilities occasioned by England's absurd declaration that the Soudan was beyond the sphere of British interference, General Valentine Baker represented the only authority for Soudan military operations, although he was no longer commander-in-chief in Egypt. If he had remained in authority, Khartoum would never have been lost, neither would the rebellion have spread into such vast dimensions.

General Hicks started from Cairo under the command of General Baker with the following most positive instructions, the result of a plan of operations determined

upon by him in conjunction with myself, as I knew the positions upon both the Blue and the White Niles for the proposed strategy:—

On arrival at Khartoum Abd-el-Kader Pacha, an experienced officer, educated in Germany, and governor of the Soudan, was to advance in steamers with five thousand men up the Blue Nile and bring the rebels to a decisive action in Senaar. At the same time General Hicks was to advance up the White Nile to a point near Gebel Eèn (two hills) where there is a ford across the river during the low Nile to Kordofan. At that point General Hicks was to await the arrival of the rebel army after the defeat, should Abd-el-Kader be victorious, in which case, when pursued, they must inevitably fall back and retreat across the ford into Kordofan. This would afford an opportunity for completely crushing the movement, as Hicks would intercept the fugitives, and with steamers and other vessels upon the river, he could prevent the enemy from attaining the western shore. When this success should have been achieved, General Hicks was to decline all operations on the west bank of the White Nile; under no circumstances was he to land upon the Kordofan side, but he was to throw up a line of watch-towers along the east bank, patrol the river strictly with his steamers, destroy all boats belonging to the west shore, and occupy Senaar with a chain of military posts. He was then to form an administration, reform abuses, redress all injustice, etc., etc., and restore confidence.

This plan was ably carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the enemy in Senaar; the beaten army fell back as was expected, and was intercepted by General Hicks. They should have been annihilated, but unfortunately there was no cavalry. Although the enemy had been beaten by Abd-el-Kader Pacha, they showed the stubborn determination which has distinguished them in every encounter since the commencement of the insurrection; they actually surprised Hicks's force which hurriedly formed square to receive their attack. Although not pursued, the enemy were beaten, and General Hicks found himself in the position that was expected: he was master of the situation.

In the mean time organization was the new creed in Egypt proper. Sir Evelyn Wood and his energetic staff were taking the greatest pains to form an Egyptian army—making ropes of sand; General Valentine Baker was striving after the impossible with similar material in the

formation of gendarmerie; while in the neighboring deserts and mountain ranges of Souakim the Arabs were organizing themselves to throw off the Egyptian bondage, encouraged by the announcement that had reached that port, that "England would have nothing to do with the Soudan."

The Arabs being an active people lost no time in exhibiting their policy, while England was only ventilating her policy in the repeated declarations of almost immediate departure from Egypt. The Hadendowa Arabs attacked and slaughtered every detachment of Egyptian troops that were sent against them, and so closely invested the only two remaining positions, Tokar and Sinkât, that the Egyptian garrisons were starving.

The position of Egypt at that particular period was as follows:—

A growing rebellion had been suppressed on the east of the White Nile, upon which side all was quiet, although discontent was rampant. On the west, Darfur and Kordofan were lost, but the White Nile formed an admirable frontier.

In Souakim the rising was formidable, and would assuredly extend widely unless at once suppressed. Tewfik Bey, the gallant commander of Sinkât, was starving with his garrison of six hundred men, invested closely by an overwhelming force that never gave quarter to an enemy.

In Cairo and Alexandria the British forces numbered	11,000
The new Egyptian army under Sir Evelyn Wood	6,000
The gendarmerie	5,000
	<hr/>
	22,000

Souakim was three days' steaming from Suez, and with eighteen thousand regular troops in Egypt, the unfortunate but heroic Tewfik Bey, with his little garrison of six hundred men, were left to starvation and massacre because England was absolute in Egypt. England had declared that the Soudan was beyond the sphere of her interference. The British army of occupation was officered by Englishmen. The khedive's army was officered by Englishmen. Egypt was at that time governed by Englishmen. The khedive had no power to move; this was the shameful, the terrible position: "that the khedive's officer in command and a faithful garrison of black troops at Sinkât were left to perish unaided, although twenty-two thousand troops and gendarmerie were actually in Egypt!"

There was one Englishman who felt

keenly the disgrace of that position. General Valentine Baker, although not connected with the khedive's army, declared his readiness to attempt the succor of Tewfik Bey and the garrisons of Tokar and Sinkât with only the police, if the army would not move.

There was not an hour to lose. He started, accompanied by a devoted friend, the late Colonel F. Burnaby, who was always to be found in the front where there was dangerous work to do.

The wretched material of the newly formed gendarmerie refused to start upon such a forlorn hope, and they were forced into the railway cars by cavalry with drawn sabres. Many of these men had never fired a musket.

Upon arrival at Souakim they were drilled and instructed as far as the short interval would permit. They were then led against the enemy to the relief of Tokar. Four thousand men formed in a square were attacked by at the most twelve hundred Arabs. The miserable fellaheen fired in the air, rushed panic-stricken towards the centre of the square, threw themselves flat upon the sand screaming for unexpected mercy, and twenty-three hundred men were massacred upon that day, with the greater portion of the British officers, although the enemy at the outside numbered twelve hundred.

Although it pleased certain persons to boast that under British officers the Egyptian fellaheen would make good soldiers, there was no confidence exhibited in this theory by a desire to bring them into close action with the Arab sword and spear. A British force under Sir Gerald Graham was sent to Souakim, although we had so studiously declared that the Soudan was beyond the scope of British interference.

Mr. Gladstone was at this time declaring in the House of Commons that the Arabs were "a people rightly struggling to be free." We accordingly destroyed several thousands of them, and lost a considerable number of our own men. The brave Hadendowas broke through our square, and did all they could to prove that men who are born warriors can plan attacks, effect surprises, rush through squares, and conduct a campaign successfully without the advantages of special military training and competitive examinations.

"Too late" should be printed upon the British flag. The brave Tewfik and his starved garrison, having eaten all the dogs, sallied from their earthworks sword in hand, and fought their way through the

ranks of the overwhelming enemy, until, weak through starvation, one by one sank down to die in honor, while the British forces retreated from Souakim. The whole of Tewfik's garrison, together with their heroic commander, perished.

The horrors of mismanagement were now commencing. The control of the Soudan had been placed in the hands of the minister of war, having been removed from General V. Baker's department in the process of the new organization. Elated by the success of Abd-el-Kader and General Hicks's operations in Senaar, orders were now issued by the Egyptian minister in direct opposition to those which had been so carefully adhered to. Hicks was to reconquer Kordofan and Darfur! An officer who was utterly ignorant of Arabic, with an English staff equally uninformed, was to be sent into the deserts of Kordofan with an army of eleven thousand or twelve thousand men, all of whom were suspicious of Englishmen, who were in occupation of Egypt proper, and none of whom could be depended on in any great emergency. When I heard this astounding news I could only utter the word, "Destruction!"

At this crisis in Soudan history an extraordinary vision of false confidence had misled the wisdom of our authorities. It was considered in the highest quarters that the period had arrived when our task had been accomplished, and Egypt would be able to walk without our leading strings. The authorities declared that security could be assured by the Egyptian army alone, and that the British troops might at once evacuate the country. Orders were actually issued to this effect, and two regiments were waiting at Alexandria for embarkation.

At this climax of imaginary security the telegraph from Khartoum flashed the terrible words, "Hicks and entire force annihilated." If the British force had been removed from Egypt before the arrival of this message, there would have been a rising against the Europeans throughout the Delta.

This was a blow that spread consternation, and required immediate and decided action. The so-called new Egyptian army was only a name. It was an army when no fighting was required, and no person in his senses would have exposed it to the shock of battle with determined Arabs who had broken British squares, and defeated nearly every force that had been brought against them. If that army had been composed of Arnauts and Turks, it

would not have been necessary to send British troops "too late" to rescue the garrisons at Souakim; neither would Hicks have been destroyed if he had been supported by such staunch material. The fact remained that no troops in Egypt could be brought into action except a few excellent regiments of Soudanese blacks; even those were woefully deficient in their rifle practice, although men of undoubted courage and endurance.

In spite of our recent perfection of organization and the khedive's new army, gendarmerie, and a large British military force, Egypt was prostrated by panic. The queen's representative waited upon the khedive to urge the necessity of at once abandoning the Soudan! Sheriff Pacha was minister at that important moment. He was astounded at the demand upon the part of England, who had professed to have only one desire in Egypt to excuse her uninvented presence, "to re-establish the authority of the khedive."

England had already abstracted all power from the patient and long-suffering khedive; and, should we forcibly determine the abandonment of the Soudan by Egypt, nothing would remain of any value except the little triangle which benefits from the inundation from Cairo to Damietta, and thence to Alexandria.

Sheriff Pacha refused to sign any document tending to a severance of the Soudan from Egypt, and as England enforced this policy upon the khedive, he, as prime minister, at once resigned. Sheriff Pacha suggested an excellent measure, that the sultan should lend ten thousand of his best troops to at once subdue the insurrection in the Soudan. Had the new Egyptian army been composed of similar material, five thousand additional troops from Constantinople for twelve months would have been sufficient to dispel all danger. Without some decided and instantaneous movement the Soudan would become a blaze of general insurrection. England had vacillated in every step that she had taken, but she appeared determined that fighting was to be avoided. It was officially announced that the Soudan was to be abandoned.

Those few who were experienced in Soudanese affairs at once perceived the mighty folly of this announcement. The Arab tribes which had remained faithful would by the force of circumstances be compelled to join the enemy. If the Soudan were to be abandoned, the garrisons of the numerous towns and stations would be forsaken. How could they retreat

towards Egypt across those dreary wastes, without a drop of water in the burning deserts? From whence could they obtain the many thousand camels to carry their families and supplies along the fatiguing march, harassed throughout the inhospitable route by pitiless Arabs thirsting for plunder and revenge? The bare fact of the declaration of abandonment would raise every spear against authority, and not a man of all the numerous garrisons would be permitted to escape.

The moral effect upon the army would be disastrous. If officers and troops were to be abandoned to their fate simply because we had suffered a military reverse, there would be an end to all confidence, which never would be regained. It would be absolutely impossible to insure the retreat of all the peaceful inhabitants of the Soudan. These would be represented by tens of thousands in addition to the military garrisons. There were traders of all nations, but especially Greeks and Syrians, who had invested their capital in the purchase of lands and houses. They possessed stores of merchandise, crops upon the soil, and all the ramifications of industrial enterprise represented by the respectable portion of the population. All these poor people would be utterly ruined, even if their lives were spared, and this enormity would be the direct result of British interference in Egypt to re-establish the authority of the khedive. It was a travesty of all justice, and a dishonor to all England. Common sense would suggest that the natural instinct of self-preservation would induce the troops to make terms with the insurgents, especially as no quarter was given to prisoners or wounded in action. If they were to be abandoned by the government, it would be better to join the forces of the Mahdi. At that time all the principal towns and fortified positions were in possession of the Egyptian authorities; but no sooner had the declaration of abandonment been made public than the spirit of disaffection exhibited itself upon every side.

The British government was at length forced by public opinion to admit the necessity of action, and General Gordon was sent in company with Colonel Stewart upon a hopeless mission to Khartoum, with the impossible instructions "to withdraw the garrisons from the Soudan." Here was another departure from the original declared policy. The Soudan was beyond the scope of British interference, therefore we permitted Tewfik Bey and six hundred men to be massacred at

Sinkât. We then sent an expedition and inflicted punishment. Although we repudiated all responsibility for the Soudan, we had allowed General Hicks and other British officers to be employed; and because they were destroyed we enforced the entire abandonment of the territory.

Having declined all responsibility, and having seen the fruits of a departure from this policy of non-interference in the destruction of General Hicks and his entire force, the government now sent General Gordon and Colonel Stewart, entirely unsupported, into the jaws of an insurrection of the most bloody and fanatical character, without taking any measures for the safety or support of their envoy in the event of complications.

If General Gordon had been sent with instructions to hold Khartoum and to re-organize the Soudan, supported by five thousand Turkish troops to remain in readiness at Berber, he could have saved the country, but the instant that he corroborated the policy of retreat, and began to send down women and children and invalids towards Egypt, his influence ceased. How could it be supposed that a man's influence can remain powerful when he assures his hearers of his intention to abandon them?

In a short time after Gordon's arrival at Khartoum the garrison of Berber yielded to the insurgents. The commandant was my old friend Hussein Khalifa Pacha, the great sheik of the deserts, and report declared that he had a secret understanding with the Mahdi; if so, I am not surprised, as it was a natural conclusion for any sensible person whose home and birthplace was the desert, "If I am to be abandoned, I must make friends with the power that will remain."

There cannot be better evidence of the situation than that of General Gordon himself, given in the last letter that I ever received from him when beleaguered in Khartoum. It is dated:—

KHARTOUM, 11, 3, 84.

My dear Sir Samuel, —

Thanks for your kind letter 17th February received to-day. I hope Lady Baker and your daughters and you are well. I am sorry for your brother's wound, and hope he and Mrs. Baker are not cast down.

We are about to be hemmed in here, for the Shookeriehs and the tribes north of this have risen, and it is not to be wondered at when they know we are going to evacuate; this they know by the sending down of the Cairo employées, sick, etc., etc. They will not attack Khartoum, I think, but will cut off the roads, and though we have plenty of pro-

visions, say, for five or six months, we must eventually fall, and with Khartoum, fall all other places. It was a petty affair had we had any forces, but this we had not. Loyals were driven into rebellion to save themselves. I have no time for more, and doubt if you will ever get this, for we may expect the roads cut to-day or to-morrow. If the Nile were high it would be far easier, but now Nile is very low.

Believe me, with kindest regards to Lady Baker, yourself and family,

(Signed) C. G. GORDON.

Volumes may be written, but the short letter of poor Gordon is a curt history of the period, and in the midst of his anxieties his heart was full of sympathy for others.

I will not enter into the details of his sacrifice, which will always remain an indelible blot upon British honor. Again the dreadful monosyllables "Too late" described the policy of England. Khartoum fell; Gordon was lost; the Mahdi was victorious; the British forces turned their backs in sad retreat, leaving two dead generals in the desert sands, and the Cœur-de-Lion Burnaby, all victims in an expedition well and gallantly led, but organized too late. The Soudan was lost.

We will now examine the position and importance of a possession which was conquered and annexed by the great viceroy of Egypt, Mehemet Ali Pacha, after many years of arduous military enterprise, all of which was given up in a sudden panic by the great civilizer of the world, England—a country which boasts of an enormous empire which girds the earth, won in olden times by force of arms, developed by the rare intelligence of her people; this great power, which has been for centuries the moving force in the world's action, stepped into Egypt, and hastily put back the clock of progress one hundred years by giving up to savagedom all that had been gained by civilization; by sacrificing the reputation that it had been the pride of her sons to support, when struggling unaided through difficulties in the Nile basin (before England intruded upon the scene); and by the destruction of her prestige, by advancing only to retreat, and leaving the bones of her envoy to bleach unburied and unrevenged.

It may be natural that our officers and men who were engaged in the Gordon expedition entertain the idea that they have some knowledge of the Soudan; in reality they know only the desert route upon the west bank of the river Nile, with the exception of the important position Dongola.

The deserts which appear interminable

throughout Nubia and Libya are the results of a waterless atmosphere which seldom affords a drop of rain, except in a phenomenal thunderstorm. It is an interesting study when, after many weeks of painful camel-journey through the Nubian deserts, covering many hundred miles of latitude, the point is reached within the limit of the rainy zone, and the scene gradually changes from the desert sand to the brown surface of fertile soil.

When I first travelled in the Soudan, in May, 1861, we crossed the waterless desert between Korosko on the Nile, and Abou Hamed, again upon the river, the distance being two hundred and thirty miles by cutting off the great bend towards Dongola. From Abou Hamed the route is always desert, but dome-palms afford a tolerable shade along the banks of the Nile for one hundred and forty-three miles to Berber. The latter is the most important position, as it is the starting-point for all commerce, either to Souakim, two hundred and seventy miles upon the east, or to Dongola by ferry across the river and desert route to Korti, or other points, or towards Korosko, a route which, although devoid of water, is nevertheless direct. Berber is two hundred miles from Khartoum, and throughout that distance, when I first knew the route, the country was cultivated upon either bank, excepting certain intervals where rocky hills prevented irrigation. Two thousand seven hundred *sakyiahs*, or water-wheels, paid each the iniquitous tax of five hundred piastres annually (about £5). In 1870 not one remained; the country had become a desert through bad administration.

From Berber twenty-five miles south, the river Atbara four hundred yards in width, and about thirty feet in depth when full, appears as the first affluent of the Nile throughout the immense course from the Mediterranean to north latitude 17°. This stream, although dry at the close of the hot season, is the most important element or factor in the Nile system, as it has actually created the delta of Egypt by the deposit of fertile alluvium, brought down from lands almost unknown at the time of my first visit, which I determined to investigate. The Atbara loses its waters through the impetuosity of its current as first tributary to the Nile, and through the percolation into a sandy bed for three hundred and fifty miles of its desert course, but the fact of such absorption supports a welcome fringe of vegetation upon either bank, which delights the eye with shady palms and green

mimosas after weeks passed in the glare of yellow sands.

We arrived in Berber in June, 1861, and rode along the banks of the Atbara for two hundred and forty-seven miles to Gozerajub. A few miles beyond that spot, about six hundred and thirty miles from Korosko, I observed the first change of surface which denoted the rainy zone. The dry bed of the Atbara was suddenly invaded by a roaring torrent during the night of 23rd June. On the following morning the river was deep with a mass of thick, muddy fluid, which, although the sky was a cloudless blue in our position, denoted the commencement of the rains in Abyssinia. The Atbara had commenced its annual duty, and was supplying the mud to fertilize the lands of lower Egypt.

From Gozerajub to Kassala, the capital of the Taka country, the distance is ninety-two miles; this is within the limit of the rainy zone, and the soil begins to be extremely rich at Soogalup, about midway. The Atbara has made a bend, and is again met with at Goorasi, fifty-two miles from Kassala. We are now in the midst of fertility, where the rainy season commences about the first of June and continues till the middle of September. On the mountains of Abyssinia the rains commence in May. The country from this point, after crossing the Atbara to the west bank, is one vast flat surface of the richest possible soil, in which it is impossible to find a stone. Through this extensive tract of alluvial soil the river has cut its way, receiving in its course the treasures of continual landslips, which fall into the burrowing current, and melting in the water, add to the consistency of the turbid stream, and are carried down to the Egyptian delta.

The river has through countless ages scooped a channel, in many places one hundred and fifty feet below the general level of the country, and the chasm from margin to margin of the level plateau varies from a mile to two miles in width. During the rainy season interminable springs rush from the sides of the depression, causing landslips, and scouring channels of thick mud through the rough, broken ground to increase the muddy volume of the Atbara. There are no ravines upon the plateau, and a stranger would disbelieve in the existence of a river when travelling across the level surface, until he suddenly arrives within view of the deep depression.

The rich soil extends for an immense

distance, not only throughout the course of the Atbara River, but to the base of the great chain of mountains which should form the geographical frontier of Abyssinia. From this range, the various rivers tributary to the Atbara are the Settite or Taccazy (the Atbara *par excellence*), the Salaam, Angrab, Royân, and minor streams, all of which, although of mountain origin, flow through soluble and fertile soil which they transmit to the great river.

Although nature has apparently arranged this vast dépôt of alluvium for some wise purpose, and Egypt has been created by a deposit of the precious loam carried away by the purloining rivers to form a country which was the nucleus of ancient civilization, and the commencement of all history, no advantage has been taken by a nomad population of the attraction of fertility, beyond the raising of crops which require little cultivation, after which, the fertile area is deserted, and the Arabs migrate to the sandy deserts during the period of annual rains.

There is a reason for this exodus. In the total absence of roads the alluvial surface is absolutely impassable. No camel could move, as it would sink knee-deep or would slip upon the muddy ground if shallow. The soil is of such an adhesive nature that when wet it adheres like birdlime, and neither man nor beast could travel any distance. We passed the rainy season on the banks of the Atbara River eight miles south of the junction where the Settite meets the former stream. On the hard, white sandstone of Sofi, having ridden nine hundred and sixty miles from Korosko during the hottest season of the year, we formed a camp, which afforded an admirable experience concerning the action of the rains, at the approach of which the Arabs had sown their crops, and then departed from the neighborhood to the drier atmosphere of the deserts.

During the hot summer months the intensely dry north wind parches all vegetation; the grass becomes so crisp that it breaks above the root, and is carried away by the strong breeze and rolled up in wreaths as though by the work of man. This is fired by the Arabs, and the surface is represented by brown soil, so intensely bare that it is impossible to believe it will again be green within three days from the commencement of rain in the following season. This clean surface is admirably adapted for the Arab method of cultivation; the whole population turns

out at the first signs of rain, and with a small hoe they scratch a few inches of the bare soil, into which they drop several seeds of dhurra (*sorghum vulgare*). These seeds are sown about eighteen inches apart in straight parallel lines three feet distant.

The yield may be imagined, as I took the trouble to count the grains in one fair average head of dhurra when the crop was ripe, at Sherif-el-Ibrahim, near Sofi; there were four thousand eight hundred and forty-eight grains of corn in this individual head.

From Sofi at the close of the rainy season we crossed the Atbara, and after exploring the course of the Settite, we passed into the Abyssinian territory occupied by Mek Nimmur, and examined every affluent from the mountain range until we at length arrived at the town of Gellabât. From thence we followed the country until we reached the river Râhad and the Dinder—two primary affluents of the Blue Nile. It is hardly possible to describe the fertility of this immense tract of country, where the earth yields its wealth in the most unbounded quantity with the smallest amount of labor. Cotton, which is described by the historian Pliny as the "wool-bearing tree of Ethiopia," is indigenous, and produces the quality known in the Liverpool market as "good middling." In 1862 I sent a fair sample from Khar-toum, which was reported upon in the foregoing terms, and the Soudan was requested to forward a million bales annually to render us independent of America.

At Gellabât, the frontier town of Abyssinia, there is considerable export trade, as cotton will not flourish upon the highlands of that country, where the climate is unfavorable; it loves the deep, rich soil of the alluvial plateau between the Nile and the eastern tributaries of Abyssinia. In that extraordinary soil the cotton plant grows with a vigor that is only explained by the fact of its indigenous birth. The seed is sown in May before the commencement of the rains, and the crop is gathered in the following March at a season when the atmosphere is so dry that not a breath of dew could be found upon a blade of grass if such verdure could exist. Any person who is conversant with the cultivation of cotton will appreciate this favorable peculiarity, as the greatest necessity is dryness when the crop is fit to gather. In that highly favored climate there is a regular season for three and a half months' rain, from the first of June till the middle of September; at the same time there is a

certain dry season when crops can be gathered without the expense of barns or artificial covering. The cotton lies upon mats in huge piles before it is packed in little bales for market; and the corn, when cleaned, may be seen in hills of several thousand quarters, before it is distributed in camel-loads, or sent down the Blue Nile to the market of Khartoum.

The best practical proof of agricultural production is the price upon the centre of cultivation. I have never paid more than 15 piastres a râchel, or less than 12 piastres. A râchel is a measure of two ur-dêps, each 300 lbs.; a piastre = $2\frac{1}{2}d$; therefore at Sherif-el-Ibrahim in 1862 the best white dhurra was purchased for 3s. 2d. a râchel = 600 lbs.; and throughout the banks of the Râhad the price was 2s. 6d. In the latter district the cattle were of very large size and exceedingly fat; a fine bullock cost five dollars, equal to £1 sterling; such an animal in England would be worth £25 for the butcher. It is necessary to state that I have only met this particular breed of cattle throughout the course of the Râhad and the Dinder, and they were originally brought from Abyssinia.

Wheat, flax, jute, oil-seeds, etc., might be grown to any extent, but the natives are contented with dhurra, cotton, sesame, and a few other insignificant cereals. The striking peculiarity throughout this extensive area is the fact that nature has done so much, and man so little. The plough is unknown; the surface is scratched, the seed sown, the rain falls, the crops ripen.

I examined the Râhad and Dinder, and arrived at Abou Harraz upon the Blue Nile, facing the province of Senaar. The important water supply of those rivers is entirely wasted. Their importance can only be appreciated by a study of the map; it will be seen that they are drains from Abyssinia, following a similar course to the Blue Nile, to which they are powerful tributaries, but, like many others, their torrents disappear during the dry season, as they become rapidly exhausted through their impetuosity. Nothing would be easier than to form simple earthen dams during the arid season when their beds are dry, and to deflect the water into numerous canals, to irrigate the wonderful soil which extends throughout Meroe towards the junction of the Atbara River with the Nile near Berber. No professional engineer would be required to effect this project; it is the natural work in which the fellah of lower Egypt excels all others. If the waters of the Râhad and Dinder,

also of the great Atbara River, were retained by a series of dams raised when their beds were dry, there would be no difficulty whatever in irrigating vast tracts of fertile country now absolutely waste, and at the same time, the canals being navigable for small vessels, would convey the produce to branch stations upon the Souakim railway.

I estimated the fertile area of the Soudan at thirty millions of acres between Kassala, Gellabât, Senaar, Abou Harraz, and Gadârif. The whole of this valuable tract is included in the Nile tributaries of Abyssinia.

In 1871 the enterprising Circassian governor of the Soudan, the late Moomtazz Pacha, having been recently appointed, determined to prove the cotton-producing power of the country simply by issuing a word of command. He proclaimed that every shiek and headman of villages should be responsible for the cultivation of a certain acreage, in proportion to the number of the population. This despotic but industrial edict took force at once. When the crops were ripe, the production of cotton was so enormous that it remained, like snow, thickly upon the ground. The villagers gathered more than could be carried by the camels of the deserts, the owners of which immediately doubled and trebled the price of transport, and the experiment was regarded by the population as a proof that Moomtazz Pacha, their governor, was decidedly insane, and they petitioned that he might be removed.

Moomtazz Pacha had proved to his own satisfaction the enormous producing power of the country and its people. Cotton was unlike the sugar, coffee, tea, or other plants which require a great outlay in their cultivation, and some years to arrive at maturity; but by a simple edict, in only seven months, a crop had been produced that would have delighted Lancashire. The experiment had also decided that the existing means of transport were utterly insignificant, and that it would be useless to entertain the question of development in the Soudan, unless the primary step should be the construction of a railway between the Nile and the Red Sea port Souakim. I have always held this opinion, which has been strengthened by subsequent events.

The Soudanese Arabs are divided into numerous tribes; these are nomadic, not from choice, but from necessity. The scanty desert pasturage is insufficient for their flocks and herds, and they must wander over an extensive area; the Arabs

must therefore change their locality in search of herbage. This nomadic life engenders a strong feeling of independence and objection to taxation. There are no towns or streets where the houses of occupants are numbered, and the tax-collector may personally pay his unwelcome visit; but the Arab's home is his tent, his country the desert; his conveyance, the camel, is always ready, and his life is a continual change. Such material is difficult to govern. The only hold over these people is by possession of the wells. *Water* is the great power; and water will be the means of civilizing these grand nomads under a just and energetic administration.

If a good government were established, and a well-considered plan arranged for the development of the Soudan, with means of irrigation provided, and a small bonus given for the erection of water-wheels instead of the crushing tax that was formerly imposed, the Arabs would cease to wander over unprofitable deserts, and they would become useful members of an agricultural community. There cannot be a more striking proof of this theory than in the change which has been effected among the population in north-western India by the advantages of irrigation within the last thirty years.

In the contracted limits of an article it is impossible to enter into the various details connected with the Soudan. The name in the ears of Europeans embraces an unknown quantity, but among Egyptians a distinction is made, and all south of Khartoum is designated as the country of the White River (Nile), excepting the special countries of Darfur and Kordofan.

The loss of those provinces has been a gain to Egypt, as they never produced a revenue equal to the expenditure, and they are absolutely beyond all hope of prosperous development. The White Nile should be retained as the natural geographical frontier as far as the tenth degree north latitude, at the station of Fashoda.

The equatorial provinces were advancing in prosperity before the Mahdi's movement blockaded Emin within his well-governed territory. There are steamers upon the Albert N'yanza which I myself introduced from England; there are many steamers at Khartoum, all bearing the names of Samuda Brothers, Poplar, and Penn and Sons upon the long-enduring engines; all these were evidences of advancing civilization — English names as manufacturers, and English names connected with their advent to the Soudan.

They are now in possession of the insurgents, as we have abandoned the Soudan. I cannot believe that it will be possible to continue this severance from Egypt. It is an unnatural separation that cannot endure, as there will be no security in Egypt so long as the deserts remain without a government.

The belief among the Egyptians is freely expressed, "that England does not wish for peace, as in the event of perfect security, France would call upon her to remove the military forces." The extraordinary policy we have pursued would naturally encourage a suspicion, which we ourselves know has no foundation; but if we have determined to enforce upon Egypt a total abandonment of the Soudan, to whom does that vast territory now belong? If there is no government, there is no law. What is to prevent the annexation of Unyoro and Uganda by Germany, or any other power, should an Emin Relief Expedition, under the command of some energetic officer, arrive at the Nile exit from the Victoria N'yanza?

We have been exceedingly generous with the khedive's dominions. We handed over Massowah to the Italians. We have given away the Soudan to the insurgents. We exiled Zebeehr Pacha (under what law I never could discover) without trial, for corresponding with the Soudan at a time when we had proclaimed its abandonment.

All this appears very strange to the outside world. We are so keenly occupied at home with party squabbles, and the extreme difficulty with thirty millions of inhabitants in Great Britain of governing three millions of discontented Irish, that we can hardly be expected to sympathize with the necessities of the Soudan. Before General Hicks was defeated, all Egypt was reported *coulour de rose*. Because he was defeated, that enormous territory termed the Soudan was immediately abandoned. On the same principle Ireland might be abandoned, should the British troops meet with disaster in any encounter with a rebel force. But Ireland belongs to ourselves, and if we are smitten with insanity we may throw away our own possessions; but, should a foreign power invade our country; burn Liverpool to imitate our treatment of Alexandria; occupy London to re-establish the authority of Queen Victoria; give away Ireland because we lost a battle; and advise a friendly power to occupy Edinburgh, as a parallel to the Italians in Massowah; what would be the feelings of the British people? and the queen, whose authority the

foreigner professed to re-establish? We do not see ourselves in the same light in which we are seen by others.

There can be no doubt that within the last few years a new impulse has been given to the development of Africa. It has been called the "Dark Continent," but the darkness is the night, which may be dissipated upon the break of day. The improved means of locomotion, the marvellous progress in science, the increase of population, with corresponding wealth, all tend to the enlightenment of the world, and the success of South Africa in the growth of our colonies, and the great discoveries of diamonds, gold, and coal have given a fresh impetus to African exploration. England discovered the sources of the Nile, and unravelled the great secret which had baffled the whole world. England gave up and abandoned the sources of the Nile, and thereby lost the prestige which her sons had gained. Some other power should occupy these sources, and some power will, unless they are regained by Egypt, to whom alone they of right belong. It would be a shameful attitude for England to stand by as a spectator, and see a foreign power march into those territories which Egypt won, but which England deliberately abandoned; this is the disastrous position in which we have been placed by a Gladstonian government.

I can only see one hope. It is that Emin Pacha, who has so nobly held his own and stuck to his ship among the wrecks of insurrection, will continue to preserve the integrity of the equatorial provinces. He remains in his present position the mudir of the khedive. Should he return to Egypt, he will naturally expect his arrears of pay, in like manner with the Egyptian officers and troops under his command. The steamers belong to the khedive, also the great stores of ivory that have been collected during so many years; therefore, so long as Emin represents the government, the khedive is in possession, notwithstanding the pretence of England when assuming a power to dictate the abandonment of the Soudan. If Emin continues to hold his position, the Soudan may be easily re-conquered, as it will be, directly that the khedive is free, and "his authority re-established." If the khedive would guarantee four and a half per cent., a railway would be constructed by public money without delay from Souakim to the Nile, and should he grant a concession to a public company similar in independent action to the original East India Company, no British troops would

be required to advance and retreat, and break their hearts in obedience to orders from Downing Street, but the Soudan would be re-occupied, and once again the Arabs would appreciate the honorable influence of English individuals; lost only through the interference of their government.

The rapidity of agricultural development has been exhibited by the progressive stride in Egypt, which supported Lancashire with cotton during the civil strife that closed the harbors of America to our ships, and threatened our operatives with starvation. It should be impressed upon the mind of every Englishman that Egypt never knew a cotton plant until the seed was brought from the Soudan by a French traveller, and introduced to the notice of Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of his Highness Ismail, ex-khedive. That great ruler of Egypt foresaw the advantages of cotton cultivation, and without delay he established cotton-farms, and laid the foundations for the prosperity of his country.

Nevertheless Egypt remains in infancy; although among the oldest historical countries in the world, surpassed by none for fertility, but for geographical position, her river is uncontrolled; it may rise or fall; it may bring destruction, or convey the welcome flood; but it remains in the capricious hand of nature, unguided and unrestrained. There is nothing impossible in the suggestion that every river belonging to the Nile system should be controlled by weirs, or dams of masonry, similar to those well-known engineering works of India. Such an arrangement upon the Nile would raise the level of the river in those localities now blocked by cataracts, and the navigation would be opened from Cairo to Khartoum, and thence to central Africa by the White Nile. A series of dams, with gates upon either side, would not only control the river, but by the increased level of the stream it could be conducted over an immense area of desert, upon which the fertilizing mud would be deposited to form an artificial delta, instead of choking the Mediterranean, and blocking the entrance to the harbor of Port Saïd.

The water-power for working cotton-gins, flour-mills, and other works would become practically unlimited, by raising dams sixty or eighty feet above the present level, and the scheme for the restoration of Lake Mœris (Fayoom) as the great reservoir of the Nile, proposed by Mr. Cope Whitehouse for the security of lower

Egypt, would be accomplished as a natural result of engineering science which had bridled the untrained jaws of Egypt's river, and guided its course to the service of mankind.

England is in Egypt by the force of circumstances; she cannot shake off responsibility, neither can she retreat from her position without the certainty of disaster; another power would occupy her vacated place, and our route to India would be at the mercy of a rival. England must develop the vast resources of the Soudan which she has forced Egypt to abandon. If once the will be expressed, the deed will be accomplished, and the hand of a firm and determined government upon the helm will establish confidence, and steer a course to success. That policy will secure us the respect of the outside world, the gratitude of the Egyptian people, and will confirm the honesty of our declaration, that we interfered in Egypt to reform the administration and to "re-establish the authority of the khedive."

From Temple Bar.

SIR CHARLES DANVERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DANVERS JEWELS."

CHAPTER XXIII.

CHARLES sat quite still where Ruth had left him, looking straight in front of him. He had not thought for a moment of following her, of speaking to her again. Her decision was final, and he knew it. And now he also knew how much he had built upon the wild new hope of the last two days.

Presently a slight, discreet cough broke upon his ear, apparently close at hand.

He started up, and, wheeling round in the direction of the sound, called out in sudden anger, "Who is there?"

If there is a time when we feel that a fellow-creature is entirely out of harmony with ourselves, it is when we discover that he has overheard or overseen us at a moment when we imagined we were alone, or — almost alone.

Charles was furious.

"Come out!" he said, in a tone that would have made any ordinary creature stay as far *in* as it could. And hearing a slight crackling in the nearest horse-box, of which the door stood open, he shook the door violently.

"Come out," he repeated, "this instant!"

"Stop that noise, then," said a voice

sharply from the inside, "and keep quiet. By —, a violent temper, what a thing it is; always raising a dust, and kicking up a row, just when it's least wanted."

The voice made Charles start.

"Great God!" he said, "it's not —"

"Yes, it is," was the reply; "and when you have taken a seat on the further end of that bench, and recovered your temper, I'll show, but not before."

Charles walked to the bench and sat down.

"You can come out," he said in a carefully lowered voice, in which there was contempt as well as anger.

Accordingly there was a little more crackling among the faggots, and a slight, shabbily dressed man came to the door, and peered warily out, shading his blinking eyes with his hand.

"If there is a thing I hate," he said with a curious mixture of recklessness and anxiety, "it is a noise. Sit so that you face the left, will you, and I'll look after the right, and if you see any one coming you may as well mention it. I am only at home to old friends."

He took his hand from his eyes as they became more accustomed to the light, and showed a shrewd, dissipated face, that yet had a kind of ruined good looks about it, and, what was more hateful to Charles than anything else, a decided resemblance to Ruth. Though he was shabby in the extreme, his clothes sat upon him as they always and only do sit upon a gentleman; and, though his face and voice showed that he had severed himself effectually from the class in which he had been born, a certain unsuitability remained between his appearance and his evidently disreputable circumstances. When Charles looked at him he was somehow reminded of a broken-down thoroughbred in a handsome cab.

"It is a quiet spot," remarked Raymond Deyncourt, for he it was, standing in the doorway, his watchful eyes scanning the deserted courtyard and strip of green. "A retired and a peaceful spot. I'm sorry if my cough annoyed you, coming when it did, but I thought you seemed before to be engaged in conversation, which I felt a certain diffidence in interrupting."

"So you listened, I suppose?"

"Yes, I listened. I did not hear as much as I could have wished, but it was your best manner, Danvers. You certainly have a gift, though you dropped your voice unnecessarily once or twice, I thought. If I had had your talents, I

should not be here now. Eh? Dear me! you can swear still, can you? How refreshing. I fancied you had quite reformed."

"Why are you here now?" asked Charles sternly.

Raymond shrugged his shoulders.

"Why are you here?" continued Charles bitterly, "when you swore to me in July that if I would pay your passage out again to America you would let her alone in future? Why are you here, when I wrote to tell you that she had promised me she would never give you money again without advice? But I might have known you could break a promise as easily as make one. I might have known you would only keep it as long as it suited yourself."

"Well, now, I'm glad to hear you say that," said Raymond airily, "because it takes off any feeling of surprise I was afraid you might feel at seeing me back here. There's nothing like a good understanding between friends. I'm precious hard up, I can tell you, or I should not have come; and when a fellow has got into as tight a place as I have he has got to think of other things besides keeping promises. Have you seen to-day's papers?" — with sudden eagerness.

"Yes."

"Any news about the Frisco forgery case?" and Raymond leaned forward through the door, and spoke in a whisper.

"Nothing much," said Charles, trying to recollect. "Nothing new to-day, I think. You know they got one of them two days ago, followed him down to Birmingham, and took him in the train."

Raymond drew in his breath.

"I don't hold with trains," he said, after a pause; "at least, not with passengers. I told him as much at the time. And the — the other one — Stephens? Any news of him?"

"Nothing more about him, as far as I can remember. They were both traced together from Boston to London, but there they parted company. Stephens is at large still."

"Is he?" said Raymond. "By George, I'm glad to hear it! I hope he'll keep so, that's all. I'm glad I left that fool. He'd not my notions at all. We split two days ago, and I made tracks for the old diggings; got down as far as Tarbury under a tarpaulin in a goods train — there's some sense in a goods train — and then lay close by a weir of the canal, and got aboard a barge after dark. Nothing breaks a scent like a barge. And it went the right

way for my business too, and travelled all night. I kept close all next day, and then struck across country for this place at night. If I hadn't known the lie of the land from a boy, when I used to spend the holidays with old Alwynn, I couldn't have done it, or if I'd been as dog lame as I was in July; but I was pushed for time, and I footed it up here, and got in just before dawn. And not too soon either, for I'm cleaned out, and food is precious hard to come by if you don't care to go shopping for it. I am only waiting till it's dark to go and get something from the old woman at the lodge. She looked after me before, but it wasn't so serious then as it is now."

"It will be penal servitude for life this time for — Stephens," said Charles.

"Yes," said Raymond thoughtfully. "It's playing deuced high. I knew that at the time, but I thought it was worth it. It was a beautiful thing, and there was a mint of money in it if it had gone straight — a mint of money;" and he shook his head regretfully. "But the luck is bound to change in the end," he went on, after a moment of mournful retrospection. "You'll see, I shall make my pile yet, Danvers. One can't go on turning up tails all the time."

"You will turn them up once too often," said Charles, "and get your affairs wound up for you some day in a way you won't like. But I suppose it's no earthly use my saying anything."

"Not much," replied the other. "I guess I've heard it all before. Don't you remember how you held forth that night in the wood? You came out too strong. I felt as if I were in church; but you forked out handsomely at the collection afterwards. I will say that for you."

"And what are you going to do now you've got here?" interrupted Charles sharply.

"Lie by."

"How long?"

"Perhaps a week, perhaps ten days. Can't say."

"And after that?"

"After that, some one, I don't say who, but some one will have to provide me with the 'ready' to nip across to France. I have friends in Paris where I can manage to scratch along for a bit till things have blown over."

Charles considered for a few moments, and then said, —

"Are you going to dun your sister for money again, or give her another fright

by lying in wait for her? Of course, if you broke your word about coming back, you might break it about trying to get money out of her."

"I might," assented Raymond; "in fact, I was on the point of making my presence known to her, and suggesting a pecuniary advance, when you came up. I don't know at present what I shall do, as I let that opportunity slip. It just depends."

Charles considered again.

"It's a pity to trouble her, isn't it?" said Raymond, his shrewd eyes watching him; "and women are best out of money matters. Besides, if she has promised you she won't pay up without advice, she'll stick to it. Nothing will turn her when she once settles on anything, if she is at all like what she used to be. She has got dollars of her own. You had better settle with me, and pay yourself back when you are married. Dear me! There's no occasion to look so murderous. I suppose I'm at liberty to draw my own conclusions."

"You had better draw them a little more carefully in future," said Charles savagely. "Your sister is engaged to be married to a man without a sixpence."

"By George," said Raymond, "that won't suit my book at all. I'd rather —" with another glance at Charles — "I'd rather she'd marry a man with money."

If Charles was of the same opinion he did not express it. He remained silent for a few minutes, to give weight to his last remark, and then said slowly, —

"So you see you won't get anything more from that quarter. You had better make the most you can out of me."

Raymond nodded.

"The most you will get, in fact, I may say *all* you will get from me, is enough ready money to carry you to Paris, and a cheque for twenty pounds to follow, when I hear you have arrived there."

"It's mean," said Raymond; "it's cursed mean; and from a man like you too, whom I feel for as a brother. I'd rather try my luck with Ruth. She's not married yet, anyway."

"You will do as you like," said Charles, getting up. "If I find you have been trying your luck with her, as you call it, you won't get a farthing from me afterwards. And you may remember, she can't help you without consulting her friends. And your complaint is one that requires absolute quiet, or I'm very much mistaken."

Raymond bit his finger, and looked irresolute.

"To-day is Wednesday," said Charles; "on Saturday I shall come back here in the afternoon, and if you have come to my terms by that time you can cough after I do. I shall have the money on me. If you make any attempt to write or speak to your sister, I shall take care to hear of it, and you need not expect me on Saturday. That is the last remark I have to make, so good-afternoon;" and, without waiting for a reply, Charles walked away, conscious that Raymond would not dare either to call or run after him.

He walked slowly along the grass-grown road that led into the carriage-drive, and was about to let himself out of the grounds by a crazy gate, which rather took away from the usefulness of the large iron locked ones at the lodge, when he perceived an old man with a pail of water fumbling at it. He did not turn as Charles drew near, and even when the latter came up with him, and said good-afternoon, he made no sign. Charles watched him groping for the hasp, and, when he had got the gate open, feel about for the pail of water, which when he found he struck against the gate-post as he carried it through. Charles looked after the old man as he shambled off in the direction of the lodge.

"Blind and deaf! He'll tell no tales at any rate," he said to himself. "Raymond is in luck there."

It had turned very cold; and, suddenly remembering that his absence might be noticed, he set off through the woods to Slumberleigh at a good pace. His nearest way took him through the churchyard and across the adjoining highroad, on the further side of which stood the little red-faced lodge, which belonged to the great new red-faced seat of the Thursbys at a short distance. He came rapidly round the corner of the old church tower, and was already swinging down the worn sandstone steps which led into the road, when he saw below him at the foot of the steps a little group of people standing talking. It was Mr. Alwynn, and Ruth, and Dare, who had evidently met them on his return from shooting, and who, standing at ease with one elegantly gaitered leg on the lowest step, and a cartridge-bag slung over his shoulders in a way that had aroused Charles's indignation earlier in the day, was recounting to them, with vivid action of the hands on an imaginary gun, his own performances to right and left at some particularly hot corner.

Mr. Alwynn was listening with a benignant smile. Charles saw that Ruth was leaning heavily against the low stone wall. Before he had time to turn back, Mr. Alwynn had seen him, and had gone forward a step to meet him, holding out a welcoming hand. Charles was obliged to stop a moment while his hand was inquired after, and a new treatment, which Mr. Alwynn had found useful on a similar occasion, was enjoined upon him. As they stood together on the church steps, a fly, heavily laden with luggage, came slowly up the road towards them.

"What," said Mr. Alwynn, "more visitors! I thought all the Slumberleigh party arrived yesterday."

The fly plodded past the Slumberleigh lodge however, and as it reached the steps a shrill voice suddenly called to the driver to stop. As it came grinding to a standstill, the glass was hastily put down, and a little woman with a very bold pair of black eyes, and a somewhat laced-in figure, got out and came towards them.

"Well, Mr. Dare!" she said in a high, distinct voice, with a strong American accent. "I guess you did not expect to see me riding up this way, or you'd have sent the carriage to bring your wife up from the station. But I'm not one to bear malice; so if you want a lift home to—what's the name of your fine new place?—you can get in, and ride up along with me."

Dare looked straight in front of him. No one spoke. Her quick eye glanced from one to another of the little group, and she gave a short, constrained laugh.

"Well," she said, "if you ain't coming, you can stop with your friends. I've had a deal of travelling one way and another, and I'll go on without you." And, turning quickly away, she told the driver in the same distinct high key to go on to Vandon, and got into the fly again.

The grinning man chuckled at the horse's bridle, and the fly rattled heavily away.

No one spoke as it drove away. Charles glanced once at Ruth; but her set white face told him nothing. As the fly disappeared up the road, Dare moved a step forward. His face under his brown skin was ashen grey. He took off his cap, and extending it at arm's length, not towards the sky, but, like a good Churchman, towards the church, outside of which, as he knew, his Maker was not to be found, he said solemnly, —

"I swear before God what she says is one — great — lie."

CHAPTER XXIV.

IF conformity to type is indeed the one great mark towards which humanity should press, Mrs. Thursby may honestly be said to have attained to it. Everything she said or did had been said or done before, or she would never have thought of saying or doing it. Her whole life was a feeble imitation of the imitative lives of others; in short, it was the life of the ordinary country gentlewoman, who lives on her husband's property, and who, as Augustus Hare says, "has never looked over the garden wall."

We do not mean to insinuate for a moment that the utmost energy and culture are not occasionally to be met with in the female portion of that interesting mass of our fellow-creatures who swell the large volumes of the "landed gentry." Among their ranks are those who come boldly forward into the full glare of public life; and, conscious of a genius for enterprise, to which an unmarried condition perhaps affords ampler scope, and which a local paper is ready to immortalize, become secretaries of ladies' societies, patronesses of flower-shows, breeders of choice poultry, or even associates of floral leagues of the highest political importance. That such women should and do exist among us, the conscious salt-cellars of otherwise flavorless communities, is a fact for which we cannot be too thankful; and if Mrs. Thursby was not one of these aspiring spirits, with a yearning after "the mystical better things," which one of the above pursuits alone can adequately satisfy, it was her misfortune and not her fault.

It was her nature, as we have said, servilely to copy others. Her conversation was all that she could remember of what she had heard from others, her present dinner-party, as regards food, was a cross between the two last dinner-parties she had been to. The dessert, however, conspicuous by its absence, conformed strictly to a type which she had seen in a London house in June.

Her dinner-party gave her complete satisfaction, which was fortunate, for to the greater number of the eighteen or twenty people who had been indiscriminately herded together to form it, it was (with the exception of Mrs. Alwynn) a dreary or at best an uninteresting ordeal; while to four people among the number, the four who had met last on the church steps, it was a period of slow torture, endured with varying degrees of patience by each, from the two soups in the begin-

ning, to the peaches and grapes at the long delayed and bitter end.

Ruth, whose self-possession never wholly deserted her, had reached a depth of exhausted stupor, in which the mind is perfectly oblivious of the impression it is producing on others. By an unceasing effort she listened, and answered, and smiled at intervals, and looked exceedingly distinguished in the pale red gown which she had put on to please her aunt, but the color of which only intensified the unnatural pallor of her complexion. The two men whom she sat between found her a disappointing companion, cold and formal in manner. At any other time she would have been humiliated and astonished to hear herself make such cut-and-dried remarks, such little trite observations. She was sitting opposite Charles, and she vaguely wondered once or twice, when she saw him making others laugh, and heard snatches of the flippant talk which was with him, as she knew now, a sort of defensive armor, how he could manage to produce it; while Charles, half wild with a mad surging hope that would not be kept down by any word of Dare's, looked across at her as often as he dared, and wondered in his turn at the tranquil dignity, the quiet ordered smile of the face which a few hours ago he had seen shaken with emotion.

Her eyes met his for a moment. Were they the same eyes that but now had met his, half blind with tears? He felt still the touch of those tears upon his hand. He hastily looked away again, and plunged headlong into an answer to something Mabel was saying to him on her favorite subject of evolution. All well-brought-up young ladies have a subject nowadays, which makes their conversation the delightful thing it is; and Mabel, of course, was not behind the fashion.

"Yes," Ruth heard Charles reply, "I believe with you we go through many lives, each being a higher state than the last, and nearer perfection. So a man passes gradually through all the various grades of the nobility, soaring from the lowly honorable upwards into the duke, and thence by an easy transition into an angel. Courtesy titles, of course, present a difficulty to the more thoughtful; but, as I am sure you will have found, to be thoughtful always implies difficulty of some kind."

"It does, indeed," said Mabel, puzzled but not a little flattered. "I sometimes think one reads too much; one longs so for deep books—Korans, and things. I

must confess" — with a sigh — "I can't interest myself in the usual young lady's library that other girls read."

"Can't you?" replied Charles. "Now, I can. I study that department of literature whenever I have the chance, and I have generally found that the most interesting part of a young lady's library is to be found in that portion of the bookshelf which lies between the rows of books and the wall. Don't you think so, Lady Carmian?" (to the lady on his other side). "I assure you I have made the most delightful discoveries of this description. Cheap editions of Ouida, Balzac's works, yellow backs of the most advanced order, will, as a rule, reward the inquirer, who otherwise might have had to content himself with 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' the Lily Series, and Miss Strickland's 'Queens of England.'"

Charles's last speech had been made in a momentary silence, and directly it was finished every woman, old and young, except Lady Carmian and Ruth, simultaneously raised a disclaiming voice, which by its vehemence at once showed what an unfounded assertion Charles had made. Lady Carmian, a handsome young married woman, only smiled languidly, and, turning the bracelet on her arm, told Charles he was a cynic, and that for her own part, when in robust health, she liked what little she read "strong;" but in illness, or when Lord Carmian had been unusually trying, she always fell back on a milk-and-water diet. Mrs. Thursby, however, felt that Charles had struck a blow at the sanctity of home life, and (for she was one of those persons whose single talent is that of giving a personal turn to any remark) began a long, monotonous recital of the books she allowed her own daughters to read, and how they were kept, which proved the extensive range of her library, not in bookshelves, but in a sliding bookstand, which contracted or expanded at will.

Long before she had finished, however, the conversation at the other end of the table had drifted away to the topic of the season among sporting men, namely the poachers, who, since their raid on Dare's property, had kept fairly quiet, but who were sure to start afresh now that the pheasant-shooting had begun; and from thence to the recent forgery case in America, which was exciting every day greater attention in England, especially since one of the accomplices had been arrested the day before in Birmingham station, and the principal offender, though still at large, was, according to the papers, being traced

"by means of a clue in the possession of the police."

Charles knew how little that sentence meant, but he found that it required an effort to listen unmoved to the various conjectures as to the whereabouts of Stephens, in which Ruth, as the conversation became general, also joined, volunteering a suggestion that perhaps he might be lurking somewhere in the Slumberleigh woods, which were certainly very lonely in places, and where, as she said, she had been very much alarmed by a tramp in the summer.

Mrs. Thursby, like an echo, began from the other end of the table something vague about girls being allowed to walk alone, her own daughters, etc., and so the long dinner wore itself out. Dare was the only one of the little party who had met on the church steps who succumbed entirely. Mr. Alwynn, who looked at him and Ruth with pathetic interest from time to time, made laudable efforts, but Dare made none. He had taken in to dinner the younger Thursby girl, a meek creature, without form and void, not yet out, but trembling in a high muslin, on the verge, who kept her large and burning hands clutched together under the table-cloth, and whose conversation was upon bees. Dare pleaded a gun headache, and hardly spoke. His eyes constantly wandered to the other end of the table, where, far away on the opposite side, half hidden by ferns and flowers, he could catch a glimpse of Ruth. After dinner he did not come into the drawing-room, but went off to the smoking-room, where he paced by himself, up and down, up and down, writhing under the torment of a horrible suspense.

Outside the moon shone clear and high, making a long, picturesque shadow of the great prosaic house upon the wide gravel drive. Dare leaned against the window-sill and looked out. "Would she give him up?" he asked himself. Would she believe this vile calumny? Would she give him up? And as he stood the Alwynns' brougham came with two gleaming eyes along the drive and drew up before the door. He resolved to learn his fate at once. There had been no possibility of a word with Ruth on the church steps. Before he had known where he was, he and Charles had been walking up to the hall together, Charles discoursing lengthily on the impropriety of wire fencing in a hunting-country. But now he must and would see her. He rushed down-stairs into the hall, where young Thursby was wrapping Ruth in her white furs, while

Mr. Thursby senior was encasing Mrs. Alwynn in a species of glorified ulster of red plush which she had lately acquired. Dare hastily drew Mr. Alwynn aside and spoke a few words to him. Mr. Alwynn turned to his wife, after one rueful glance at his thin shoes, and said,—

"I will walk up. It is a fine night, and quite dry under foot."

"And a very pleasant party it has been," said Mrs. Alwynn as she and Ruth drove away together, "though Mrs. Thursby has not such a knack with her table as some. Not that I did not think the chrysanthemums and white china swans were nice, very nice; but, you see, as I told her, I had just been to Stoke Moreton, where things were very different. And you looked very well, my dear, though not so bright and chatty as Mabel; and Mrs. Thursby said she only hoped your waist was natural. The idea! And I saw Lady Carmian notice your gown particularly, and I heard her ask who you were, and Mrs. Thursby said—so like her—you were their clergyman's niece. And so, my dear, I was not going to have you spoken of like that, and a little later on I just went and sat down by Lady Carmian, just went across the room you know, as if I wanted to be nearer the music, and we got talking, and she was rather silent at first, but presently, when I began to tell her all about you, and who you were, she became quite interested, and asked such funny questions, and laughed, and we had quite a nice talk."

And so Mrs. Alwynn chatted on, and Ruth, happily hearing nothing, leaned back in her corner, and wondered whether the evening were ever going to end. Even when she had bidden her aunt good-night, and, having previously told her maid not to sit up for her, found herself alone in her own room at last, even then it seemed that this interminable day was not quite over. She was standing by the dim fire, trying to gather up sufficient energy to undress, when a quiet step came cautiously along the passage, followed by a low tap at her door. She opened it noiselessly, and found Mr. Alwynn standing without.

"Ruth," he said, "Dare has walked up with me. He is in the most dreadful state. I am sure I don't know what to think. He has said nothing further to me, but he is bent on seeing you for a moment. It's very late, but still—could you? He's in the drawing-room now. My poor child, how ill you look! Shall I tell him you are too tired to-night to see any one?"

"I would rather see him," said Ruth, her voice trembling a little, and they went down-stairs together. In the hall she hesitated a moment. She was going to learn her fate. Had her release come? Had it come at the eleventh hour? Her uncle looked at her with kind, compassionate eyes, and hers fell before his as she thought how different her suspense was from what he imagined. Suddenly, and such demonstrations were very rare with her, she put her arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek against his.

"Oh, Uncle John, Uncle John!" she gasped, "it is not what you think."

"I pray God it may not be what I suppose," he said sadly, stroking her head. "One is too ready to think evil, I know. God forgive me if I have judged him harshly. But go in, my dear;" and he pushed her gently towards the drawing-room.

She went in and closed the door quietly behind her.

Dare was leaning against the mantel-piece, which was draped in Mrs. Alwynn's best manner, with Oriental hangings having bits of glass woven in them. He was looking into the curtained fire, and did not turn when she entered. Even at that moment she noticed, as she went towards him, that his elbow had displaced the little family of china hares on a plush stand, which Mrs. Alwynn had lately added to her other treasures.

"I think you wished to see me," she said as calmly as she could.

He faced suddenly round, his eyes wild, his face quivering, and, coming close up to her, caught her hand and grasped it so tightly that the pain was almost more than she could bear.

"Are you going to give me up?" he asked hoarsely.

"I don't know," she said; "it depends on yourself, on what you are, and what you have been. You say she is not your wife?"

"I swear it."

"You need not do so. Your word is enough."

"I swear she is not my wife."

"One question remains," said Ruth firmly, a flame of color mounting to her neck and face. "You say she is not your wife. Ought you to make her so?"

"No," said Dare passionately. "I owe her nothing. She has no claim upon me. I swear —"

"Don't swear. I said your word was enough."

But Dare preferred to embellish his

speech with divers weighty expressions, feeling that a simple affirmation would never carry so much conviction to his own mind, or consequently to another, as an oath.

A momentary silence followed.

"You believe what I say, Ruth?"

"Yes," with an effort.

"And you won't give me up because evil is spoken against me?"

"No."

"And all is the same as before between us?"

"Yes."

Dare burst into a torrent of gratitude, but she broke suddenly away from him, and went swiftly up-stairs again to her own room.

The release had not come. She laid her head down upon the table, and Hope, who had ventured back to her for one moment, took her lamp and went quite away, leaving the world very dark.

There are turning-points in life when a natural instinct is a surer guide than noble motive or high aspiration, and consequently the more thoughtful and introspective nature will sometimes fall just where a commonplace one would have passed in safety. Ruth had acted for the best. When for the first time in her life she had been brought into close contact with a life spent for others, its beauty had appealed to her with irresistible force, and she had willingly sacrificed herself to an ideal life of devotion to others.

But we are punished for our purest deeds,
And chasten'd for our holiest thoughts.

And she saw now that if she had obeyed that simple law of human nature which forbids a marriage in which love is not the primary consideration, if she had followed that simple, humble path, she would never have reached the arid wilderness towards which her own guidance had led her.

For her wilful self-sacrifice had suddenly paled and dwindled down before her eyes into a hideous mistake—a mistake which yet had its roots so firmly knit into the past that it was hopeless to think of pulling it up now. To abide by a mistake is sometimes all that an impetuous youth leaves an honorable middle age to do. Poor middle age, with its clear vision, that might do and be so much if it were not for the heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, which youth has bound upon its shoulders.

And worse than the dreary weight of personal unhappiness, harder to bear than

the pang of disappointed love, was the aching sense of failure, of having misunderstood God's intention, and broken the purpose of her life. For some natures the cup of life holds no bitterer drop than this.

Ruth dimly saw the future, the future which she had chosen, stretching out waste and barren before her. The dry air of the desert was on her face. Her feet were already on its sandy verge. And the iron of a great despair entered into her soul.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.*

THE earliest records of the Zoological Society show that certain members of the Linnean Society, with Sir Stamford Raffles as their leader, formed a special Zoological Club in 1823, and got together a valuable collection of wild animals, which presently led to the grant of a royal charter of incorporation to the Zoological Society in 1829. The Gardens had been already opened to the public in 1828, and in that year they received 98,605 visitors. The charge for admission was at first half-a-crown, for both adults and children, so that some idea may be formed of the favor with which the institution was received by the fashionable world, especially if we consider the population of London in those days, and the difficulty of travelling up from the country in the pre-railway era. The number of visitors went on increasing till it reached 262,193 in 1831, after which date there was a slight reaction. When the Zoological Society was founded, no slight enthusiasm was displayed by the candidates for membership. One of the earliest printed lists of members shows that in 1829 there were 1,294 ordinary fellows, and 40 honorary and corresponding members. The number of fellows rose gradually till it reached 3,412 in 1878, but from that date there has been a falling-off,

* 1. *Report of the Council of the Zoological Society of London for the Year 1887.*

2. *Guide to the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By Philip Lutley Sclater, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., etc. 1888. Forty-second edition.

3. *List of the Vertebrated Animals now or lately living in the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London.* By Philip Lutley Sclater, Esq., M.A., F.R.S., etc. Eighth edition.

4. *Guide to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens.* By Dr. John Anderson, F.R.S. Calcutta, 1883.

5. *Life of Frank Buckland.* By G. C. Bompas. London, 1885.

6. *The Senses of Animals.* By Sir John Lubbock. London, 1888.

so that there were only 3,104 names on the rolls in December, 1887. It is not within our power to account for this diminution of support and patronage. Fashion changes; and even wealthy people cavil at moderate entrance-fees and annual subscriptions. If it were not for the occasional craving on the part of society to go to the Zoological Gardens on a fine Sunday afternoon, perhaps the privilege of being a fellow might not be so much sought for. Fortunately there are always enthusiastic and learned men forthcoming, who join the society for the sake of its scientific advantages at its periodical meetings, as much as for the privilege of entering the Gardens at all times with their friends.

Upwards of fifty years ago there was published in the fifty-sixth volume of the *Quarterly Review* an article on the Zoological Gardens, which were then in the full swing of their popularity. We learn that "on every Sunday afternoon, Monkey Green, or the lawn in front of the Monkey Palace, was covered with England's richest beauty." The Gardens had been skilfully laid out by Mr. Sabine, and were bright with flowering shrubs and plants. A fine view of the Regent's Park, which had been but recently opened to the public, could be obtained from the terrace promenade of the Zoological Gardens. Although the collection of animals and birds was small, they were sufficiently numerous to excite wonder and curiosity. The lions and the tigers were greatly admired, although the poor creatures were often sickly, and suffering from injudicious feeding and from insufficient shelter. The elephant was then a rare beast in England. The lady visitors were warned "to be careful that it did not eat their Leghorn straw bonnets," and they were cautioned not to pat it with their gloved hand, as its brittle skin was daily lubricated with oil. When the visitors wished to feed the animals, they were requested to patronize the old women, who were specially licensed to perambulate the Gardens, selling apples and nuts and oranges; and apparently out of deference to the Sabbatical views which then prevailed under the teaching of Sir Andrew Agnew, it was thought expedient not to allow the large animals in the Zoological Gardens to have any food on Sunday.

The information given by the reviewer in 1836 may serve as a convenient basis of comparison of the past with the present condition of the Gardens. There has necessarily been much progress in the course of fifty years, and the collection, which

only numbered about one thousand specimens in 1836, contained at the close of 1887, 2,525 animals of the first three classes of vertebrates, namely, 735 quadrupeds, 1,331 birds, and 459 reptiles. The area now occupied is larger than it was in 1834, when a survey and plan were prepared, showing the extent of the Gardens and the sites of the different buildings, so that we are able to compare the old plan with the new map of the Gardens that is to be found in the guide-book, which is annually published. The original area was only five acres, the rental being 140*l.*; but in the course of a few years another ten acres were leased at a corresponding rental, from the commissioners of woods and forests. Subsequently the strip of land on the north side of the Regent's Park Road was obtained, so that the total area is now about twenty acres. But, by a strange perversity, the land granted by the commissioners of woods and forests was subjected to conditions which were very adverse to the early prosperity of the Gardens. The commissioners required that all the designs and plans for new buildings should be submitted for their approval. It was stipulated in the lease that no permanent buildings above eight feet in height should be erected on the southern part of the ground; and some temporary wooden sheds, which had been built to shelter the ruminants in their paddocks, were objected to and pulled down. A long correspondence ensued when the society wanted to put up "a hare-proof fence" to separate their grounds from the Regent's Park. It seems that the Regent's Park then abounded with hares, which came to eat the plants and flowers in the Gardens. It was about this period that Lord Malmesbury recorded in his diary that he shot pheasants in the Regent's Park. Subsequently the relations between the woods and forests and the society were improved, when a judicious member of the Zoological Council supplied an influential friend in the woods and forests with some rare aquatic birds for the ornamental waters in St. James's Park.

The alterations in the buildings of the Gardens have been so extensive during the last fifty years, that almost the only point left for identification is to be found in the raised terrace which leads from the main entrance in the Regent's Park Road to the centre of the grounds. The bear-pit is still in its old position near the end of this terrace, and, as the reviewer wrote in 1836, "one crafty aspirant, at the head of the pole, enjoys a monopoly of the good

things which it is in the power of a generous public to bestow." Bears and politicians appear to be still actuated by similar motives. But when we come to the end of the terrace, almost all identity between the past and present is lost. The grassy slope with which the terrace ended, has given place to a well-worn flight of stone stairs. Some of the pools of water where the aquatic birds were then kept have been filled up, whilst others have been altered or enlarged as occasion required. *Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis*, has been the progressive rule of the society's managers and advisers, and the time is still remote when there will not be room for many further improvements.

The dwellings of the carnivora afford one of the best illustrations of the progressive policy that has been pursued. At first the lions and the tigers were kept in the small building, which did not exceed the prescribed height of eight feet, on the high ground near the spot where the kangaroos and Sally the chimpanzee now dwell. The building was low and damp, and ill-warmed. The poor beasts died of various diseases, though of one it is recorded that it died of over-feeding, the carcase when opened by the prosector being "as fat as a Christmas bullock." After a while a new house was provided for the carnivora near the site of the present band-stand. But this was also found to be too low and damp, the London clay soil being very unfavorable to the health of beasts accustomed to dry and sandy countries. Then a marked improvement was effected by providing dens under the terrace, on the south and sunny side, and for many years the lions and tigers were kept in these abodes, although, as a fact, they were always much too small, and too cold for them in winter.

At length, in 1876, the present magnificent building, known as the lion-house, was completed, and the lions and tigers were transferred to it. This is one of the finest and best-arranged houses that have ever been constructed for the use of wild animals that come from a warm climate. The general temperature of the building can be maintained at a height suited to the requirements of the animals; whilst the warmth can be increased if necessary in their sleeping compartments. There is an admirable arrangement by which the wild beasts can be let out into the large, open, iron-framed cages on the north side of the building. Through the passage behind the dens there runs a raised tramway, along which an iron case or box, with

doors at each end of it, can travel, so as to form a tunnel over the passage, to enable any animal to pass from its ordinary den into the open compartment outside. This tunnel-case can be moved along the tramway from den to den as occasion requires. The chief difficulty lies in giving a lion or tiger his first lesson in the use of the tunnel. At first he fears a trap or some unknown danger; but when he has at last quietly stolen out into the open air, which seems to provide a chance of escape, though he may find his expectation of escaping frustrated, he soon learns the pleasure of the greater liberty and space afforded him, and he rolls on the ground in happiness, or stretches himself up against a tree on which he cleans and sharpens his claws. He may sometimes be seen intently staring at some distant object. He has caught sight of a deer or an éland, and his natural love of the chase revives, though he takes little notice of the numerous human beings surrounding the cage. What can be more beautiful than the pumas in the graceful positions which they assume in these open compartments—sometimes lying out on the branch of a tree so as to be almost invisible to the careless spectator, whilst others gambol together just like kittens? Even the tigers, which are too often morose and ill at ease in their inside cages, seem to recover their spirits when they find the comparative liberty of the open-air compartment. We are assured that in the new lion-house the health of the animals has greatly improved. Although they are now fed on Sunday, and on every day of the week, their diet is limited so that they can easily digest their food. The old jaguar, presented many years ago by Lady Florence Dixie, looks so fat that he can hardly waddle about his cage; but he seems to be none the worse for it. What a difference his clumsy form presents to that of the pumas, or of the graceful leopards in the adjoining cages! Still more marked is the contrast with the beautiful creature popularly known as the cheeta, or Indian hunting leopard, although in its physical structure it much more resembles a greyhound than a common leopard.

As we have already inspected the lion-house, let us go to the new reptile-house. Amongst the many modern additions which have been made to the buildings, the most perfect is the new reptile-house, which was only opened to the public in 1883-4. Up to that time it was almost a mockery to say that snakes were exhib-

ited in the Gardens. The collection of snakes was kept in glass cases in a small room, but the spectator could seldom see anything save the dirty blankets or the straw, under which the snakes concealed themselves, partly for the sake of warmth, and partly to avoid the public gaze. Now everything is changed for the better. In a large and well-lighted hall, that can be kept at a high temperature, the snakes are arranged in glass cases, or compartments, suitable to the size and number of the occupants. Each case is so contrived that the thermometer, hung inside, shows a temperature specially suited to the requirements and nature of the particular snake exhibited. There may be a difference of several degrees between the temperature of two adjoining compartments. The result is that the snakes need no blankets or covering to keep them warm. They are always visible, and they seem both healthy and happy, after the manner of snakes. For those serpents which delight in water, large glass troughs full of water are provided, and they show their appreciation and enjoyment of their baths, in which their bright clean skins shine with a special lustre. In other compartments the trunks of trees are placed, and if you cannot see the snake on the ground you may look up and find him coiled on the first projecting branch of the tree. Out of deference to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the public are not allowed to see the snakes fed; but in order to keep them alive and in health it is necessary that they should be supplied with the small live creatures, such as rats and mice, and birds and frogs, which are their natural food. It is probably well known that snakes are fond of music. Most people have heard of the Indian snake-charmers. On this point the reader may judge for himself. If he goes to the snake-house very early, before many other persons have arrived there, and plays to the cobras in their cages, on the sort of clarionet which the snake-charmers use, some of the snakes will raise themselves up and listen with evident pleasure, though they may not actually dance to his piping. But when a crowd begins to assemble, the snakes will become shy and alarmed, and will no longer heed the voice of the charmer.

In the same building with the snakes there will be found a large collection of alligators and crocodiles. Probably most people know that crocodiles belong to the Old World, whereas alligators come chiefly from the New World. According to sci-

entific definition, crocodiles are distinguished from alligators by the mode in which the first or canine tooth and the fourth tooth of the lower jaw fit into the upper jaw. Doubtless this is an important scientific difference, but it will hardly be noticed by the unfortunate person who falls into the jaws of an alligator or a crocodile. The spectator, who sees the ugly monsters lying in the basins or tanks in the reptile-house, will perhaps be tempted to look into their mouths; and some of them are so young and small that it might almost be done with impunity. But even a tiny alligator, such as is sold for a few pence in the streets of Calcutta, is a snappish animal and is best left alone. In the reptile-house there is also an interesting collection of lizards which the learned call *Sauria*. Many of these are repulsive in appearance, but some of the ugliest are eaten with gusto by the natives of the countries to which they belong. In the outer vestibule of this building the visitor will find some beautiful specimens of frogs and toads. It may be objected that there is no beauty in frogs or toads, but that is unquestionably a matter of opinion; and let the visitor hesitate to form his opinion too hastily until he has seen what exquisite colors and patterns nature has lavished on the skins of some of the frogs, and what splendid jewels glitter in the eyes of many of the ungainly-looking toads.

We must pass on hastily by the numerous temptations which beset us to linger among the deer, and the pheasants, and in the aquarium, so that we may go through the tunnel, which runs under the Regent's Park Road, turning aside to the right at the invitation of Sally, the black chimpanzee, whose portrait, affixed to a tree, requests us to visit her reception-room. Sally is a general favorite, and her keeper has trained her to go through a series of amusing performances which display her intelligence. Sir John Lubbock will doubtless be glad to hear that she is said to be able to count numbers up to five already. But the atmosphere of Sally's apartment is not pleasant; and resisting the attractions of the armadillos, and the great anteater, with its long snout and enormous bushy tail, we emerge into the open air, to be confronted by the kangaroos and the wallabys, which seem to live happily and to thrive in a state of confinement. In writing of kangaroos in the present age it is usual to look forward to their extermination, on account of the enmity which exists between them and the Australian squatter. But their strange anatomical

structure and their peculiar movements can never cease to excite the wonder of the multitude and the admiration of the scientific world.

It will hardly be prudent for the visitor to enter the parrot-house, although the building contains, according to Mr. Sclater's guide-book, "a remarkably rich collection of parrots, which will bear comparison with any in Europe." He says that there are nearly ninety species represented; and the oldest bird, a Vasa parrot from Madagascar, was presented by Mr. Charles Telfner in July, 1830. There are many other beautiful birds, particularly the toucans, in this house. But the noise that goes on is perfectly deafening. As a fact there is not sufficient room in this house for all the birds; and the managers of the Gardens are doubtless desirous that a much larger building should be provided whenever their funds will afford it. It is practically an injustice to many of the birds that they should not be kept in larger cages and in a more suitable dwelling, for which the Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris presents such a good model. There are hundreds of beautiful small birds, to which it is hardly possible for the visitor to pay due attention, when his ears are ringing with the cries and screams of the cockatoos and macaws and parrots.

One of the favorite places of resort is the elephant-house, in which there are two Indian elephants and three African elephants, and several specimens of the different kinds of rhinoceros. When the Gardens were established, there was but one elephant, and only one live rhinoceros had then been obtained by the society. An elephant was at that time quite uncommon in England; but now the public are more familiar with them, and are beginning to learn how to distinguish the difference between the Indian and African species. According to Mr. Sclater's guide-book, the African elephant is usually larger than the Asiatic species. The head is rounded; the front is convex instead of concave; the ears are much larger, and the general physiognomy is quite different. He adds that "the African elephant is not now known to be used in a tamed state, although there is no doubt that the Carthaginians availed themselves of the services of this species in former days." In Livy's description of the crossing of the Rhone by the elephants attached to Hannibal's army, it has been a puzzle to many old Indian officers why he should have been at such infinite trouble to construct timber rafts to carry the animals across, in-

stead of letting them swim the river. In India, an elephant will not hesitate to swim across the stream of the Berham-pooter, which is several miles wider, and deeper and more dangerous than the Rhone. It is probable that the African elephant is less manageable, because his ears are so shaped and placed that there is no room for the mahout to sit on his neck behind them, and guide and urge him on. A good mahout, on the neck of an Indian elephant, can make the animal do almost everything he wishes. The fate of the African elephant seems to be rather doubtful in the future. Professor Drummond suggests that the African slave trade will never cease until the race of elephants with their precious ivory is exterminated. On the other hand, Herr J. Menges, in a recent number of the *Mittheilungen*, has again raised the question of utilizing the African elephant, partly because it was successfully tamed and employed in ancient times, and partly because he believes it to be much stronger than the Indian elephant and not less docile.

There are four different species of rhinoceros represented in the same house with the elephants, and this collection is probably unrivalled in any other country. The Indian specimen, with its thick skin lying in massive folds or shields, which protect the vulnerable parts of its body, is the largest and most unwieldy, and it certainly looks dangerous; but Mr. Sclater writes that it is purely herbivorous and quite inoffensive in a state of nature unless attacked. There was a young rhinoceros of this species in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, on which its keeper used to ride for the amusement of the visitors; but it is hardly probable that English children will be inclined to ask for a ride on the rhinoceros in the Regent's Park. The hippopotamus is not at first sight very unlike the rhinoceros, and a great many of the country visitors are apt to mistake the one for the other. The hippopotamus is the greatest favorite with the public, who delight in watching him, and in tossing bits of bun and fruit into his ungainly mouth as he stands with it wide open against the iron railings of the enclosure in which he takes his bath. Mr. Sclater writes that "the flesh of the hippopotamus is delicate and succulent, the layer of fat next the skin making excellent bacon, which is much in favor at the Cape of Good Hope." But this unwieldy and sluggish-looking animal is not wanting in activity and fierceness. In the "Life of Frank Buckland" there is an amusing an-

ecdote how Obash, the first hippopotamus exhibited at the Gardens, managed to get loose:—

He refused to return to his den, and was deaf to the blandishments of his own keeper. There was a man named Scott (the attendant on the elephant Jumbo) whom Obash hated, and ran at him whenever he came in sight. "Scott," said Mr. Bartlett, putting a bank-note in his hand, "throw open the paddock gate, and then show yourself to Obash at the end of the path, and run for it." Scott looked at the note, and then through the trees at the beast, and going into the middle of the path, shouted defiantly at Obash. "Ugh!" roared the beast viciously, and, wheeling his huge carcass suddenly round, rushed with surprising swiftness after him. Scott ran for his life, with the hippopotamus roaring at his heels, into the paddock and over the palings, Obash close to his coat-tails. Bang slammed the gate, and the monster was caged again. Just then up drove a cab with a newspaper reporter. "I hear," he said, "the hippopotamus is loose." "Oh dear, no," innocently replied Mr. Bartlett, "he is safe in his den. Come and see him!"

There is yet another unpretentious-looking building to which we shall turn our steps. This is called the insectarium, and it is situated on the north bank of the Regent's Park Canal, so that it sometimes escapes the notice of visitors. It is arranged, Mr. Sclater tells us, "for the exhibition of living examples of insects, spiders, myriapods, land crustaceans, and other terrestrial invertebrated animals." To many people the contents of this new house will probably be of surpassing interest; and we regret that we have not space to linger over the beautiful specimens exhibited.

As the visitor returns towards the main entrance of the Gardens, he should not fail to notice an improvement which is described by Mr. Sclater in his last report in the following terms:—

A second noteworthy addition to the buildings in the Gardens during the past year is the New Aviary for flying birds, which has been erected on the water-fowls' lawn opposite the Eastern Aviary. The object of it is to enclose a space so large and high that the birds which inhabit it may be induced to use their wings and to lead a more natural life and show off their habits better than they can be expected to do in ordinary aviaries. It encloses a pond and a number of trees and shrubs, in which it is hoped that the tenants may be induced to build their nests. Although the birds were not placed in it until the month of June last, a pair of ibises made a nest in one of the trees and successfully reared two young birds.

Before quitting the Gardens we must pause for a moment at the monkey-house, which is almost invariably the favorite resort for children. The building which was called the Monkey Palace in 1836 was found insufficient, and was superseded in 1840 by a new monkey-house, of which the Council then wrote with great satisfaction. But, as time went on, this new building was in its turn condemned as "perhaps the most defective portion of the society's Garden," and in 1864 it was determined to erect a new monkey-house, of which Professor Flower writes as "the present light and comparatively airy and spacious building, the superiority of which over the old one in every respect is incontestable." Nevertheless we would venture to point out to the managers of the Gardens, that this new house is by no means adequate to the true requirements of their large collection of monkeys. Even in the central cages, the monkeys of different kinds are too much mixed up and crowded; whilst we desire to protest against the insufficient space given in the boxes, or cages along the walls, where the most beautiful and rarer species, such as the Diana and the moustache monkey, are confined. Many visitors do not see them, and pass along with their backs to them. The graceful lemurs are similarly placed against the wall; whereas they almost deserve to have a house to themselves. As soon as the funds of the society permit it, let it be hoped that another large monkey-house will be provided, for both the health and comfort of the monkeys, and for the convenience of the spectators. In the present crowded state of the passages, hardly a day passes without a lady having her bonnet seized by the projecting paw of some hungry monkey. Moreover the flying foxes or fruit-bats, and some of their congeners, are now crowded into the monkey-house for the sake of its warmth. The flying fox ought certainly to be shown prominently to the public as an example of natural intemperate habits; for it is asserted on high authority by Dr. John Anderson, in his "Guide to the Calcutta Zoological Gardens," "that in India the flying foxes often pass the night drinking the toddy from the earthen pots into which the tapped juice of the date-tree runs, the result being that they either return home in the early morning in a state of riotous intoxication, or they are found lying at the foot of the trees sleeping off the effects of the midnight debauch." There is hardly any other creature that we know of which thus deliberately intoxicates itself. But

what is to be expected from an animal which, when sober, holds on to the branch of a tree by the claws of its hind feet, and hangs with its head downwards, passing the greater part of its life in this anomalous position?

Bidding a lingering adieu to the Gardens and the animals, we may now turn to the question of their management and maintenance. It will be readily understood that much care and a large expenditure are required to keep up the institution in a manner worthy of its reputation. First, the stock of wild animals has to be maintained; and whenever an opportunity occurs of adding something new to the collection, the opportunity must not be allowed to pass. Secondly, there is the cost of supervision and watching the animals; and thirdly, there is the highly important matter of feeding them.

It has been already mentioned that the number of animals belonging to the first three classes of vertebrates at the close of 1887 was 2,525. Few people have any idea of the constant waste of life that is going on among the animals, from year to year, from various causes. It is reported that in 1887 the deaths numbered 925 — which was considered rather a favorable return, as there was a decrease of 152 as compared with the previous year. These high figures are rather appalling; but fortunately the deaths amongst the more important animals are comparatively few, and the total is swelled by the number of small creatures, such as birds and frogs and lizards, which are taken ill and die almost before their illness can be noticed. Nevertheless, it is somewhat grievous to read that in the year 1887 the society lost a sea-lion, one of the last survivors of the group of sea-lions, which with their old keeper Lecomte used to be such favorites with the public. An African lion, which had been nine years in the Gardens, died of peritonitis. Two Hoffmann's sloths, which had lived for eleven years in captivity, died, one of them seemingly from grief at the loss of its companion. Two valuable camels, and two of Michie's rare tufted deer, also perished. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the young gorilla. This rare and interesting animal was bought on the 24th of October, and only lived till the 9th of December, having never been in really good health in captivity. The body was purchased by the Royal College of Surgeons. If the animals could only appreciate the honor, it might be some consolation to them to know that even in death many of them are

not forgotten. Some of them contribute to the advance of science, especially of comparative anatomy, in the hands of the prosector of the Gardens; whilst a considerable number obtain a dismal sort of immortality by being stuffed and set up as specimens on the shelves of the Natural History Museum.

In order to replace the losses incurred by death, the society are ever on the watch to recruit their forces; and in this matter they are, as will be seen, handsomely supported by the public. In 1887 there were 1,135 new animals added to the collection, of which 600 were presented, and 135 were deposited, deposits usually resulting in presentation; 138 animals were bred in the Gardens, and 86 were obtained in exchange; whilst the remainder (176) were purchased. It is rather a ticklish business to buy new wild animals. The professional dealers are compelled to ask large prices for their own protection, as they sometimes suffer heavy losses from the deaths of the rarer animals, which they must either buy on the spot, or miss their chance of the bargain. In the year 1887, the society spent 961*l.* on the cost and carriage of the 176 new animals which they bought. The young gorilla was purchased cheaply for 150*l.*, but it was in doubtful health, and the vendor was probably glad to get rid of it. An aye-aye, a very rare animal from Madagascar, was bought for only 10*l.* The total value of the animals living in the menagerie is estimated at 26,000*l.* in round numbers. This is only a rough estimate, for, as the superintendent who made it remarks, the value of each animal may change, according to its age and health, and other conditions. The estimate was made on the contents of each house, and is altogether very moderate. For instance, the inhabitants of the elephant-house are set down at 8,000*l.*, whereas one of the rhinoceroses was bought for 1,250*l.*, and the others are scarcely of less value. In America twenty thousand dollars were paid, not long ago, for a rhinoceros; and it will be remembered that Mr. Barnum paid 2,000*l.* for the elephant Jumbo. A Fisk's snake, which is new to science, and a new narrow-headed toad (*Bufo angusticeps*) from South Africa, were presented to the society in 1887, and also a tooth-billed pigeon from the Samoan Islands, a specimen of a race now nearly extinct. Who will undertake to say at what fancy prices these rare creatures should be estimated? On the other hand, some people may be surprised to learn that lions are cheaper than tigers. A well-

grown lion may be worth 100*l.*, but a healthy adult tiger is worth more than double that sum.

The permanent staff of the Gardens for the care of this valuable collection costs about 4,000*l.* a year, and consists of thirty-five men. The resident superintendent is the deservedly popular Mr. Bartlett, with his son as his assistant. In addition to the permanent staff, a large temporary establishment has to be maintained, whose number sometimes amounts to forty, though it varies according to the season of the year. The flower gardens, which are laid out so skilfully, require a large staff of working gardeners, and add greatly to the attraction of the place.

When we come to examine the details of expenditure in feeding the animals, it will be seen that their wants and tastes differ very materially, so that Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent, has to provide a very varied and comprehensive *menu*. It is rather instructive to consider that one of the daily items consist of one hundred pounds of fresh whiting; whilst the number of meal-worms required for the birds, and some other creatures, is counted in many thousands daily. The cost of feeding an elephant in captivity in England differs considerably from the cost incurred in India, where it sometimes lives entirely on coarse grass, carving its own food, as it wanders about in a watery marsh full of its favorite pasture. It is stated in the French work, "La Ménagerie du Muséum National d'Histoire Naturelle," published at Paris in 1801, that the elephant which was kept at Versailles at the end of the seventeenth century, had a daily assignment from the royal treasury of eighty loaves of white bread, one dozen bottles of wine, two buckets of gravy soup, two buckets of boiled rice, and one truss of straw. The writer adds, that "elephants are very fond of spirituous liquors, which are given to incite them to make their greatest efforts." Mr. Bartlett, of the Zoological Gardens, has kindly supplied us with a rough estimate of the food of some of the large animals under his care. The daily provision for a full-grown elephant is calculated by him at about one hundred and fifty pounds altogether in weight, consisting of hay and straw, roots, rice, bread, and biscuit; but no soup or wine is found necessary in England. The food of the hippopotamus is estimated by the same authority to be about two hundred pounds a day in weight, and consists chiefly of hay, grass, and roots. Judging from the comparative bulk of the animals,

it may appear strange that a hippopotamus should require more food than an elephant. The daily provender of a giraffe weighs about fifty pounds. It is a rather dainty-feeding animal, and prefers clover, chaff, bran and oats and green food in summer. The lions and tigers obtain eight or nine pounds of meat per diem. This is usually horse-flesh, as there is a constant supply of carcases of horses to be bought at a cheap rate. The following figures represent the sums paid in the year 1887, for each of the principal items that constituted the food of the animals during the year.

Horse-flesh	265
Goat-flesh	95
Live fish	128
Dead fish	488
Insects, worms, etc. . .	184
Fruit and vegetables . .	233
Potatoes and roots . . .	70
Eggs	85
Bread	130
Groceries	22
Corn	236
Biscuit	165
Oats	128
Bran	162
Maize and rice	100
Hay	642
Clover	603
Nuts	35
Chaff	30

There are a few other articles which are classed as miscellaneous, whilst the Gardens themselves supply several small items, such as the surplus guinea pigs, or the young sparrows, which are hatched in nests that the old birds imprudently build on the premises. There is scarcely an animal in the Gardens that is not ready to catch the live sparrows that audaciously enter their cages. A lion has been seen to seize and swallow an impudent sparrow that was pecking at the bones in his den. As to the jackals and foxes, they make very short work with any bird that has trespassed in their cages; whilst the monkeys are still more excited when they catch a victim, and, with the inherent cruelty of their race, they usually torture the miserable bird by pulling out its feathers before they bite its head off.

We will conclude with a few words on the important question whether wild animals can be made really happier in confinement than they were in a state of nature. One great difficulty in determining this point arises from our comparative ignorance of the habits of animals in their wild state. Sir John Lubbock has advised

us to watch the habits of live animals, and to study their relations to one another. This is possible to some extent with the domestic animals, so that we can observe their behavior towards men, and note their obvious sympathies and antipathies between themselves. But to very few men it is given to watch and to record their observations of the wild animals in an actual state of nature. The solitary native hunter or tracker of wild beasts is very familiar with their habits, but his knowledge is not usually committed to writing. We have been permitted to quote from a letter written a few years ago by the late Honorable George Morris of the Bengal Civil Service. He was well known in India as a great sportsman, and he wrote as follows:—

You know how much I dislike shooting from a *machan* (a platform usually built up a tree), but it had one compensation, as it enabled me at times to study the habits of wild animals quite *au naturel*. When the army of beaters had been sent, perhaps miles away to windward, I was left for hours in solitude and silence on the *machan*. After a while, when the alarm caused by my appearance had passed away, the various denizens of the forest would begin cautiously to steal out from their lurking-places. Almost every movement showed fear and watchfulness. There were enemies everywhere. The passing butterfly was caught by a bird. The bird whilst devouring its prize would be seized by a snake. If the little grey squirrels ventured down on the ground in search of food, some jungle-cat or jackal would pounce upon them. The deer with their large ears erect listened for any sound of danger. A bear or a tiger as it came along always looked suspicious of every bush or shadow. There was almost a general reign of terror; and if their life has any pleasure, it might be described as "a fearful joy." Seeing and pondering these things, it occurred to me that these creatures would lead a happier life in your Zoological Gardens with abundance of food and water. Their ideas of pleasure seem to be very limited, and the *viribus editior* has a monopoly of most of their little good things. I often thought that, if these poor creatures only knew how comfortable you would try to make them in captivity, they would not wait to be caught, but, like the famous coon, they would come down and surrender without a struggle.

It may be that Mr. Morris was deceiving himself. It is well known that any animal in captivity, be it a canary bird or a tiger, will try to regain its liberty when it sees a chance, though its liberty is in many cases fatal to it. Frank Buckland has something to say which is much to the point.

In spite of the difficulties of commissariat, board and lodging, the animals at the Zoological Gardens seem, and really are, very comfortable, and I trust happy. It is more than probable that, as they are protected from heat and cold, from their natural enemies, and have their food regularly, they live longer in the Gardens than they would in their native homes, be it plain, mountain, forest, or jungle. The Vasa parrot, presented in 1830, has never had a day's illness, has been merry and well fed, and is probably the oldest bird of the species in existence.

These things being so, it may be well believed that the wild animals in confinement have very little to complain of. No charge of inhumanity can with fairness be brought against those who keep them in a condition which contributes to their daily comfort, to their immunity from danger, and to a long and lazy existence; whilst those who go to see them at the Zoological Gardens have no need to accuse themselves in their inner consciences of being even unwilling accomplices in injustice or cruelty to animals.

From The New Review.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OPORTO.

A DISTINGUISHED traveller once told me that his first proceeding on arriving at a strange city was to mount to the top of its highest building, thence to take his bearings and to get a bird's-eye view of streets and buildings and the movements of the dwellers therein; all of which he would presently descend to examine at closer quarters. On this principle a new comer to Oporto can do no better than ascend the lofty tower of the Clerigos Church, which stands on the tallest hill of the city, and look about him. The chief streets radiate from the market-place below, and the various waves of city life break at the tower's foot.

He who watches on a winter's evening from this tower can see the sun go down upon the city, and when twilight is already coming on, the street lamps begin to flicker here and there in dark corners at his feet, like earth stars to him who stands almost in the clouds. While the dimness of failing day is beginning to gather in the streets, the sun is still, for him alone, round and glaring, seaward, and casting red and level rays on the pine-covered mountain-tops that lie far away in the east towards Spain. Then he may review the whole city life at its most interesting moment, when work is done and rest and

pleasure begin. He will look down upon the coming home of the people from their work; the gossip of men with men, and women with women, at street corners; the love meetings of young men and girls; the gathering of idle passers-by round the pedlar with his wares, the showman with his tamed birds, or mayhap, on a fair-day, the strolling bear-ward with his chained and muzzled bear, that lifts his clumsy paws to dance uncouthly to the slow music of the mountain pipe—the *pifano*—of his leader; the knife-grinder, with his Pandean pipe, collects his own crowd; or the street conjurer and mountebank gather a larger one with the beating of their big drums, their professional cries, and queer patter.

While the streets fill, all the various sounds of human life mount confusedly into the air—the women's voices, the deeper hum of men in talk, the shouts and cries of children, the voices of altercation, the voices of laughter, the voices of weeping; and mingling with this murmur of loud and lesser human utterance comes the tinkle of guitars, as the young men serenade their mistresses, or walk along striking simple chords to the burden of their companions' songs.

Suddenly the Angelus bell rings, and all the various sounds and voices are hushed to a momentary prayerful stillness, then flow on again. Presently there rises into the transparent air the thin blue smoke of burning wood from a thousand chimneys near and far, for at nightfall the housewife lights her fire and sets on her *olha*—the earthen pot that holds the family supper. Notwithstanding these preparations for the evening meal, crowds still hold the streets, if the night be fine, and increase till complete darkness falls. Often the watcher from high up will see the approaching lights of the processional host-bearers, and catch the distant sound of their singing before it is audible to the noisy crowd below. Presently the solemn chant fills all the air, and the men uncover their heads, and the people fall to their knees, awed once more by the sight of the priests in their sacred robes, the censer-bearing, white-stoled acolytes, the great uplifted crucifix of silver, the silken embroidered canopy carried over him who bears the monstrance, and by the rhythmic, solemn plain-song of the moving train. They pass hastily onwards upon their pious mission, and, as the tinkling of the handbell gives the signal, the deep chanting voices of men cease and the crowd join in a higher key in a burden where the

shrill voices of women and children mingle with the men's in a tumultuous hymnic song, that has some strange, indefinable suggestion of mystic faith and mystic hopefulness in it.

The impression caused upon the people is only transitory, and presently the talk, the laughter, the tinkle of guitars, the love songs, and the cries of showmen and pedlar and Cheap Jack go forward as before.

To the Portuguese peasant the great cities of the north, and especially Oporto, are temporary paradises to which he resorts in crowds on fair and feast-days. Then may be seen mingling with the citizens the sturdy, sunburnt farmers, with their quarter-staves in their hands. The young men, if they be rich and in the local fashion, come in their horseman's jacket of black felted cloth, with gold studs in their white shirts, tall jackboots, a red sash round their waists, and a cutting whip in their hands, or what serves the Portuguese rider as well, a long sapling of the quince-tree; modest young fellows, most of them, shamefaced and blushing, in spite of their great boots and their silver spurs. Hither flock the peasant girls in troops, shy, too, but less so than their lovers, and dressed in their finery of gay-colored kerchiefs, red petticoats, and shapely bodices, with a surpassing wealth of peasant jewellery of gold, necklaces, earrings, and enormous breast-pieces of ancient Moorish design. The gold is pure, and its redness harmonizes excellently with the abundant dark hair and nut-brown skins, smooth, with a healthy, sunburnt ruddiness, of these comely, grey-eyed, deep-breasted daughters of the soil. It has been observed of Portuguese women that their beauty increases, after Lisbon is left behind, with every degree of northern latitude till the Spanish frontier is reached. Let the border river, Minho, be crossed and beauty is left behind on its southern bank with the Portuguese language. The Galician is an estimable but a hard-featured person.

In this aforesaid gamut of good looks, with its *crescendo* towards the north and its *finale* at the frontier river, there are districts where a more than usually harmonious chord is struck. In plainer language, there are parishes where the women are quite exceptionally pretty. One of these favored localities in Arioza, in the far north, a district that is noted for the great beauty of its women and for their extremely becoming costumes; two things that seem to be—as the savants have it—co-related. In the neighborhood of

Oporto there is another such locality, at Avintes. In some parts of this district the children at the cottage doors, boys and girls, are strikingly well featured, and every third or fourth girl one meets is nothing less than lovely. The women here are taller and more slender and graceful than the average, with delicate transparent complexions in place of the healthy brown ruddiness that is common elsewhere. They have large, expressive eyes, and features full of a pleasant intelligence.

An eminent painter, now a Royal Academician, looking on these fair women in my company, likened them to those artists' model-women who are reared at Albano, near Rome, and sit, or used to sit, in picturesque attitudes on the steps of the Church of the Trinity near the Pincian Hill; but the young women of Albano are milkmaids compared with the slim and stately maidens of Avintes and Arioza. Apart from this, the Italian model-women apparently commit the enormity of dressing in an impossible peasant costume to please, not their peasant lovers, but the artists who employ them.

It is clear to any one who mingles with the crowds of peasants on market days that this great city of Oporto, the very oldest seat of civilized man in Portugal, and still the chief centre of all political and commercial movements, has nevertheless been built and peopled mainly for the sake of the rural folk. Hardly a stone of a single house in all the city but has, directly or indirectly, been paid for by the sweat of the peasant's brow; and not a meal is eaten but the peasant contributes thereto. There would be no industries or manufactures but for him, and even the great trade carried on in port wine, which so enriches the kingdom, is but the sending abroad of the wine which the peasant has grown and made. Except for wine and some other natural produce of the soil, nothing goes over the bar of the Douro. All that is grown, all that is manufactured, is for the peasant's use or for the urban man who acts as his agent; and, as I have said, on market days and on all the great festivals of the year, the country people invade the great city which is their own, and then the chief streets and open squares have the aspect of a village green on fair-day.

Until quite a recent period Portugal has hardly been traversed by road and railway, and intercommunication between each district has been so slight and so rare that almost every parish still possesses its own peculiar costume and its own type of looks,

good or bad. Many of these differences can be studied most conveniently in Oporto. From the north of the city come, as a rule, bright dresses, bright faces, and an uncommon wealth of gold ornaments; while from the south, and the great marshlands that lie thereabouts, the women travel to town in dark garments, wear but few ornaments, and cover their heads with black felt hats of such enormous size and heaviness as would suffice to eclipse the good looks and gaiety of the prettiest and most laughter-loving of maidens; but these particular rustic maidens are neither gay nor pretty. They come from a low-lying, ague-stricken region of canals and rice-fields and reedy swamps, and men's and women's faces are mostly wan and haggard. At Ovar and Esmoriz, marsh-surrounded hamlets both, the local broad hats become quite portentous in size. To prevent the brims from flapping down over the wearers' faces altogether, a series of strings reach down from the crown all round to the outer rim, like the shrouds of a mast in a Chinese junk, and keep all taut. These hats are a marvel to see, being in diameter quite as great as a large umbrella, and are a proof of what people will suffer to be in the fashion. The men do not encumber themselves with this absurd headgear.

The northern Portuguese possesses something of the Spaniard's gravity, that is, of the Spaniard of north and central Spain, the true Spaniard, the Castilian; and the common saying that the Minhoto, the dweller on the northern side of Oporto, is the Italian of Portugal, is, like most superficial generalizations, untrue. No dweller in any part of Portugal is like any Italian in ways, thoughts, manners, or bearing. The Portuguese is a being apart, as the Castilian is, and as the Andalusian is; but it is not in the narrow limits of a review article that I would venture to differentiate him fully from other southerners.

It is true that the Portuguese from the north is gayer than his brother from the south; but it comes, I believe, chiefly from his better circumstances; and these again are mainly the result of his more earnest, determined character, which sets him resolutely on making his way, and on taking a firmer grip of the material things of life; and when he succeeds, as he mostly does, he is left with more leisure to look about him and be glad and gay. He eats better, sleeps warmer, works more regularly and rationally, and relaxes from his labor more freely, and to the accom-

paniment of the wine-cup and the guitar, and with laughter and light song and light talk. Yet for all this occasional relaxation the northern Portuguese is a grave man, fully persuaded of the seriousness of life in most of its aspects; and he has a character and manners that accord with his views and that are peculiar to himself. This applies only to the peasant; for superficially, in manner and bearing at least, the cultivated members of the various nationalities of Europe, from Lisbon to St. Petersburg and from Paris to Bucharest, are so like each other, have so entirely put off their individual racial characteristics, that, but for accent and feature and complexion, none could be told apart. All but the Englishman and the German — we two nations alone sturdily prefer our own individuality and our own ways to the modern Continental fashions of speech and manner.

I do not know for how long the peasant classes of Europe will continue to preserve their racial distinctiveness and forbear to imitate the classes above them in becoming citizens of the world in their behavior; but I suspect the Portuguese will be among the latest to depart from their ancient traditions.

There is one point in which the Portuguese stands, I will not say alone among European peasants, but certainly among the minority of them. It has always seemed strange to me that observers, and even close observers, have never noticed that the rustic Portuguese, willing as they always are to be civil and kindly, seldom show their amiability after the common mode of the majority of other amiable human beings by a smile. When peasant meets peasant in the road, or by the village cross, in field, in street, or at market, they express pleasure, salutation, and courtesy in a way of their own, but gravely, never with the forced and sterile grin of so-called cultivated people.

By some accounts this facial spasm is itself an innovation, and was a trick of fashion set so little time ago as at the beginning of the last century; and the mode, said to have originated at Vienna, coming to Paris, was there, it is reported, called *La Viennoise*, and from that centre, so rapid is the spread of absurdity, extended to the ends of Europe. And surely this unmirthful smile that we all employ, this grin that is only of the lips, is an absurd thing, neither natural nor decorous; for why should I smile inanely and endeavor to seem glad when I meet an acquaintance? Why should he return this con-

ventional salutation with a corresponding contraction of the muscles of his face when he sees me? How is he to know that I am not weighed down by some secret sorrow which my smile of greeting but thinly conceals? How am I to be sure that my own smile should not rather be a groan of sympathy or a silent tear? We smile in concert, hypocrites that we are, while perhaps our very hearts are torn asunder! How much wiser is the courteous gravity of the Portuguese peasant, or the stern salutation of the Oriental, who has not yet caught this European trick of the lips, and who meets and greets his acquaintance with the grave sympathy of one wayfarer meeting another on this rugged, tortuous path of life that has its ending only in the mysterious grave!

Although Oporto has been deprived of many ancient and interesting buildings, it is still, regarded from any high and commanding point of view, a very picturesque city. The houses, as they rise confusedly from the river's edge, some painted in strong reds, blues, or greens, some left whitewashed, and the majority retaining the granite grey of the stone they are built with, make up a very strange and beautiful panorama, ringed as the city is by the encircling pine-covered mountains. The river Douro flows through its midst, widening within its precincts into the semblance of a great lagoon, on whose surface are reflected the steep banks covered with church towers and trees and a wilderness of many-colored houses. Like Rome, the city is built, or is said to be, upon seven hills; but the hills of Oporto are higher than those of Rome, and their acclivities more abrupt.

It is not until the visitor has thus taken a bird's-eye view of Oporto that he is aware of one of its main peculiarities and beauties — a private, particular, and, as it were, domestic recommendation. It is that the city is, beyond any I know of, a city of gardens. Looking down upon and over the houses, one sees that many of them are imbedded in flowers and shrubs and the green leafage of trees. The ancient central and more crowded quarters of the city are necessarily gardenless; but, seen from an eminence, the rest of Oporto seems rather a great luxuriant garden-ground, interspersed with houses, than an ordinary town.

What gives a certain fantastic strangeness to all Portuguese towns is the width of the overhanging eaves. The reader need not be reminded that, after the Venetians and the Genoese had ceased to be

the traders and travel seekers of Europe, the Portuguese became the boldest and most far-going of merchant adventurers. This peculiarity of the eaves, the bold projection of the tiles, with upward curves that are finished off with fantastic terminals of twisted iron, is a fashion brought from China. In the more primitive parts of Oporto, and more markedly still in some of the provincial towns, where the streets still preserve the ancient Moorish characteristic of extreme narrowness, the eaves overhead nearly touch from opposite sides, leaving but the space of a foot or two for the sun's rays to fall through downwards into the perpetual twilight below, with something of a Rembrandtesque effect upon the unglazed workshops, where men and women are busy at their daily toil; cordwainers, braziers and copper-smiths, cork cutters (women chiefly at this curious trade), carders of wool and winders of silk, gold-lace workers, jewellers, hand-loom weavers, and laborers at many other simple handicrafts that in this primitive land are still wrought by men and not by machines.

To see the real Oporto, the inhabitants and not their dwellings only, a bird's-eye view is not enough, and we had best descend from our watch-tower and mingle, on some great fair-day, with the people that throng the thoroughfares and crowd round every new thing that is to be seen or heard. Chiefly are they attracted by the stage, cart, or carriage of the better sort of travelling pedlar or Cheap Jack.

We want a less derivative name for these itinerant merchants of the street. I know gentlemen in the higher departments of commerce with not a tenth of the trading dash and the dignity of deportment of some of their wandering brethren. One is ashamed to use such contemptuous terms as Mountebank, Merry Andrew, or Cheap Jack, for these personages; and it is difficult to understand why a profession which requires a ready wit, a compliant temper, a gift of copious, appropriate, and intelligent speech, an agreeable presence, a persuasive manner, a dignified carriage, and a bold and adventurous character, should not be held in the very highest esteem. Can any one not see at a glance that a concentration of the aforesaid qualities in one individual would enable their happy possessor to achieve almost any sort of eminence? How, for instance, could a gentleman so endowed fail to mount to high place as a member of Parliament? Moreover, some of the so-called street mountebanks are, in addition, to my

certain knowledge, men of a nice conscience, consistent opinions, and high respectability.

In Portugal, as elsewhere, the members of this profession are seldom natives, and it is clear that the use of a foreign tongue lends a strangeness and adds force to their patter. In this country they are oftenest Spaniards, sometimes Italians, and sometimes of that nondescript, hybrid breed, so common on the Continent, where the fine Hebrew intelligence is joined to the homelier mental elements of the Teuton or the Slav; and I have even found an English merchant adventurer upon the highways. He was one of the most eminent I have encountered.

Passing, one day, through the square that lies beneath the Clerigos Tower aforesaid, I saw an open carriage with two white horses drawn up and surrounded by a great crowd. From a flag-staff fixed to the whip socket of the box seat floated a large nondescript flag, and a grave elderly gentleman of military appearance, with short-cut grey hair and a white moustache—a tall, gaunt figure, decently clad in a dark blue frock coat, buttoned to the throat—was fluently addressing the crowd in the worst Hispano-Portuguese I ever heard. In gravity, in dignity, in meagreness of feature, he was a Don Quixote; in stateliness of manner, a Sir Charles Grandison. The staple of the trade of this imposing personage was nothing but lead-pencils; but they were pencils of so conspicuous a color, and so prodigious a size, being no less than twelve or fourteen inches in length, and painted a vermilion red, and the vendor expatiated with such persuasive eloquence on their uses and merits, that in a very short space we all in the crowd fell a-wondering how existence had been possible to us hitherto without possession of a bright red lead-pencil a foot long and as thick as a cigar.

The merchant dilated upon the incomparable properties of his pencil; and while he declaimed, two impassive individuals, his assistants, faced the crowd on either side of the carriage—clerkly personages, decently habited in black, of less dignity than their master, but who might either of them (it struck me at the time) pass anywhere as benefited clergymen of the Established Church.

At a sign from their chief, one of these men handed him a penknife and the other a pencil, which he proceeded to cut with something of an exaggeration of skill, rapidity, and grace. As he deftly sharp-

ened the point he informed us that the pencil was indispensable in every department of human activity. Did we require, for instance, to make up our accounts? At the word a sheet of white paper was handed to him by one attendant, a square board by the other, and in a trice he had traced in huge characters a line of figures, another beneath it, drawn a line under both, added them, and held the sum up to the admiring crowd. Then he wrote a sentence of Portuguese on the paper. It ran thus: "*A invicta Cidade presta homenagem ao Lapis incomparavel do abalizado Doutor X.*" Translated, the legend ran that the unconquered city (thus does Oporto proudly entitle herself) did homage to the incomparable pencil of Doctor X. He held it up for inspection, and a murmur of applause from the crowd greeted the compliment to their city. But the pencil could do more than that. The doctor pointed to a man in the crowd and intimated to us that he would take his portrait. The people laughed, the man blushed, the portrait began. Straightway a huge nose appeared on the paper, the doctor added an eye in three strokes, a mouth, a brow, and a chin followed as by magic, and in less than two minutes there was a speaking likeness on the paper. The crowd applauded and the master held up the red pencil. "Buy, my friends, this incomparable implement and you have in your possession the greatest treasure in this age of great marvels." He went on with a flood of bewildering rhetoric which took mightily with the crowd, though he spoke in a language which was bewildering, for it was a linguistic mosaic in which one recognized words from all the tongues in Europe. But the people understood, so large and lucid were his gestures, so appropriate his by-play, and so surprising and entertaining was the whole extravagant performance, with a pervading breadth of humor in it, indeed, but not without a certain grotesque dignity and condescension.

The crowd pressed up eagerly to buy, and the benefited clergymen had as much work as they could do in handing out the pencils to purchasers and receiving their price.

The doctor did not busy himself with these sordid details of trade. He stood up in the carriage, a conspicuous figure amid the surging crowd, with his dark face and noble white moustache, in an easy attitude, a fine air of abstraction upon his countenance. The people no longer existed for him, while the demure travel of his regard

passed serenely over their heads. Suddenly he caught sight of me in the outskirts of the crowd, and immediately he came down from the carriage and pushed his way to where I stood. He removed his hat, made me a stately salutation, and addressed me, to my surprise, in perfect English, in the English of an almost educated man, with no unpleasant twang, only something of a theatrical roll. "Sir," he said, "I would crave your official intervention," and he told me a common story of police regulations and restrictions. I bade him call upon me on the following morning. The next day was a Sunday, and he came to my private residence. The old man was evidently tired and worried by his troubles with the police. He exhibited his papers, which were in perfect order, and showed him to be a natural-born British subject. "Sit down, Doctor X," I said, "and let me offer you a glass of wine." I rang the bell. A man who is at once an artist, an actor, an orator, an inventor, and a successful trader, is likely to be good company, and the doctor was very entertaining. He was a gentleman, for is it not almost of itself to be a gentleman to be able to glide in talk over disagreeable topics and dwell pleasantly on agreeable ones? A word to the commissary of police settled his difficulties and established his full rights as a British subject.

At parting he drew from his pocket a parcel wrapped in silver paper. It was the incomparable pencil itself. With some humor he recounted the private history of his invention and his various troubles. We were behind the scenes. "Nevertheless, it is a useful article. Allow me, sir," he said, "to present you with this one." I took it. "But," I said, "you must allow me to pay you its price." "Not for the universe, sir!" cried the doctor, waving his hand with a large gesture of courteous protest. "Not a single penny, sir, for a thousand worlds!"

A less magnificent kind of merchant than this, but a man still more important in the economy of the people, is the rural pedlar, who carries a pack on his shoulder, with his pins, needles, reels of thread and silk, twine-balls, laces, ribbons, and bead bracelets, his song-books, his pens, and papers, and pious pictures; or he loads a little, swift-pacing ass or hinny mule with his wares and drives it before him through every highroad, by-way, and bridle path in the kingdom. He carries more, a good deal, than his wares, for he is almost the only link between town and country, and hawks with them through the land, to the

remotest woodland and mountain homestead, the jest and epigram that have been passed in the market-places and wine-shops of the city. Certainly wit (next, of course, after virtue) is the most delightful and refreshing thing to be found among mortal men, and my urban readers who, no doubt, are hearing and imparting this commodity every hour of their lives, may forget how

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, and can scarcely figure to themselves how rural dullness is brightened by the passing pedlar's traffic in verbal pleasantry.

The road merchant of Portugal is more like the pedlar that Shakespeare drew than any "licensed hawk" who now travels with a pack through rural England. Here in Portugal, Autolycus still carries poetic wares as well as more material tags and laces, and will sing samples of them to his customers with a merry voice. His voice and his manner, indeed, are a good deal merrier than his ballads, which are mostly of a very lamentable and weepful character.

The Portuguese pedlar is not, to my knowledge, a rogue, as well as a wit, like Shakespeare's tramp, nor is he like the sullen, slouching tramp who carries a pack on English roads, between his turns on the treadmill, and who has all but hustled the genuine merchant of the highways off his beat; but, like Autolycus himself, he is, as I know by experience, often a most pleasant companion on "the footpath way," whom the traveller will do well to accompany for a mile or two, and who, when conversation flags, will break pleasantly into song, with no thought that he is "sampling his wares."

Of course, being a fellow of a present wit and some audacity (else he would be no pedlar), the rustics may suffer at times if they dare to set their wits against his brighter ones; but is it not the inevitable lot of the simple of the earth that they must suffer in one of two ways when they contend with those whose wits are sharper than their own? They must either submit to be robbed, or submit to be laughed at; and I believe the Portuguese pedlar mostly consents to take payment in the latter innocent kind.

No sojourner or traveller abroad can help taking a deep interest in the ways of all these gentlemen of the road, farers by rail, steamer, coach, gig, or on foot, from

the humble, pedlar aforesaid, in frieze or fustian, to the noble commercial traveller in broadcloth—*Anglice* "bagman." (Why is the term disdained?) The bagman is in truth the only representative in this unromantic age of the knight-errant of old who sallied forth, spear in hand (as his descendants with their samples), to redress evil and overcome tyranny. So do all these modern knights of commerce and missionaries of trade in their various degrees wander over the surface of the earth for its direct benefit (and their own), spreading a report of the "eternal veracities" whenever their packs are opened and their yard measure unsheathed. All the romance of the road in these days, all the adventure of modern travel (except for the occasional performances of that more irregular brotherhood of traders, the bandits and footpads) befall these knights of the pack and bag; and no pleasure traveller, not a mere supercilious tourist, but has some agreeable tale to relate of their courtesy and good fellowship.

Few of us who fare abroad, I fancy, who are not millionaires, gouty English dukes, or foreign princes (with incomes), and who encounter numbers of this joyous confraternity, but must have felt a pang of regret that their own lines had not fallen in such pleasant places. The present humble writer, as may easily be supposed, is no such exception, and of the very few compliments which a far too austere world has paid him in his journey through life, he remembers none more welcome than that offered him by a commercial traveller, unknown to him even by name, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal: "You really should be one of us, sir," this kindly gentleman said, pitying, no doubt, my youth (this was some time ago), my innocence, and obvious poverty, and perceiving that I was not afraid of the sound of my own bad accent in two or three foreign languages. "You would make," he said, "a splendid traveller in hollow ware or dry goods" (he himself "travelled" in the cutlery department), "and I believe I could ensure you £500 a year." I thanked him heartily for his friendly suggestion, but told him I was already in the employ of an extensive firm in the neighborhood of Westminster, and lived abroad on their account. When he caught my meaning he was good enough to laugh at this mild pleasantry. These gentlemen are of a kindly and tolerant humor.

OSWALD CRAWFURD.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

LADY BETTY'S INDISCRETION.

"HORRY! I am sick to death of it!"

There was a servant in the room gathering the teacups; but Lady Betty Stafford, having been brought up in the purple, was not to be deterred from speaking her mind by a servant. Her cousin was either more prudent or less vivacious; he did not answer on the instant, but stood looking through one of the windows at the leafless trees and slow-dropping rain in the Mall, and only turned when Lady Betty pettishly repeated her statement.

"Had a bad time?" he then vouchsafed, dropping into a chair near her, and looking first at her, in a good-natured way, and then at his boots, which he seemed to approve.

"Horrid!" she replied.

"Many people there?"

"Hordes of them! Whole tribes!" she exclaimed. She was a little lady, plump and pretty, with a pale, clear complexion, and bright eyes. "I am bored beyond belief. And — and I have not seen Stafford since morning," she added.

"Cabinet council?"

"Yes!" she answered viciously. "A cabinet council, and a privy council, and a board of trade, and a board of green cloth, and all the other boards! Horry, I am sick to death of it! What is the use of it all?"

"Country go to the dogs!" he said oracularly, still admiring his boots.

"Let it!" she retorted, not relenting a whit. "I wish it would; I wish the dogs joy of it!"

He made an extraordinary effort at diffuseness. "I thought," he said, "that you were becoming political, Betty. Going to write something, and all that."

"Rubbish! But here is Mr. Atley. Mr. Atley, will you have a cup of tea?" she continued, speaking to the new-comer. "There will be some here presently. Where is Mr. Stafford?"

"Mr. Stafford will take a cup of tea in the library, Lady Betty," replied the secretary. "He asked me to bring it to him. He is copying an important paper."

Sir Horace forsook his boots, and in a fit of momentary interest asked, "They have come to terms?"

The secretary nodded. Lady Betty said, "Pshaw!" A man brought in the fresh teapot. The next moment Mr. Stafford himself came quickly into the room, an open telegram in his hand.

He nodded pleasantly to his wife and her cousin. But his thin, dark face wore

— it generally did — a preoccupied look. Country people to whom he was pointed out in the streets called him, according to their political leanings, either insignificant, or a prig, or a "dry sort;" or sometimes said, "How young he is!" But those whose fate it was to face the minister in the House knew that there was something in him more to be feared even than his imperturbability, his honesty, or his precision — and that was a certain sudden warmth, which was apt to carry away the House at unexpected times. On one of these occasions, it was rumored, Lady Betty Champion had seen him, and fallen in love with him. Why he had thrown the handkerchief to her — well that was another matter; and whether the apparently incongruous match would answer — that, too, remained to be seen.

"More telegrams?" she cried now. "It rains telegrams! how I hate them!"

"Why?" he said. "Why should you?" He really wondered.

She made a face at him. "Here is your tea," she said abruptly.

"Thank you; you are very good," he replied. He took the cup and set it down absently. "Atley," he continued, speaking to the secretary, "you have not corrected the report of my speech at the club, have you? No, I know you have had no time. Will you run your eye over it presently, and see if it is all right, and send it to the *Times* — I do not think I need see it — by eleven o'clock at latest. The editor," he added, tapping the pink paper in his hand, "seemed to doubt us. I have to go to Fitzgerald's now, so you must copy Lord Pilgrimstone's terms, too, please. I had meant to do it myself, but I shall be with you before you have finished."

"What are the terms?" Lady Betty asked. "Lord Pilgrimstone has not agreed to —"

"To permit me to communicate them?" he replied, with a grave smile. "No. So you must pardon me, my dear, I have passed my word for absolute secrecy. And, indeed, it is as important to me as to Pilgrimstone that they should not be divulged."

"They are sure to leak out," she retorted. "They always do."

"Well, it will not be through me, I hope."

She stamped her foot on the carpet. "I should like to get them, and send them to the *Times*!" she exclaimed, her eyes flashing — he was so provoking! "And let all the world know them! I should!"

He looked his astonishment, while the other two laughed softly, partly to avoid embarrassment, perhaps. My lady often said these things, and no one took them seriously.

"You had better play the secretary for once, Lady Betty," said Atley, who was related to his chief. "You will then be able to satisfy your curiosity. Shall I resign *pro tem.*?"

She looked eagerly at her husband for the third part of a second — looked for assent, perhaps. But she read no playfulness in his face, and her own fell. He was thinking about other things. "No," she said, almost sullenly, dropping her eyes to the carpet; "I should not spell well enough."

Soon after that they dispersed, this being Wednesday, Mr. Stafford's day for dining out. Every one knows that ministers dine only twice a week in session — on Wednesday and Sunday; and Sunday is often sacred to the children, where there are any, lest they should grow up and not know their father by sight. Lady Betty came into the library at a quarter to eight, and found her husband still at his desk, a pile of papers before him waiting for his signature. As a fact, he had only just sat down, displacing his secretary, who had gone up-stairs to dress.

"Stafford!" she said.

She did not seem quite at her ease, but his mind was troubled, and he failed to notice this. "Yes, my dear," he answered politely, shuffling the papers before him into a heap. He knew he was late, and he could see that she was dressed. "Yes, I am going up-stairs this minute. I have not forgotten."

"It is not that," she said, leaning with one hand on the table; "I want to ask you —"

"My dear, you really must tell it me in the carriage." He was on his feet already, making some hasty preparations. "Where are we to dine? At the duke's? Then we shall have nearly a mile to drive. Will not that do for you?" He was working hard while he spoke. There was a great oak post box within reach, and another box of letters which were to be delivered by hand, and he was thrusting a handful of notes into each of these. Other packets he swept into different drawers of the table. Still standing, he stooped and signed his name to half-a-dozen letters, which he left open on the blotting-pad. "Atley will see to these when he is dressed," he murmured. "Would you oblige me by locking the drawers, my dear

— it will save me a minute — and giving me the keys when I come down?"

He went off then, two or three papers in his hand, and almost ran up-stairs. Lady Betty stood a moment on the spot on which he had left her, looking in an odd way — just as if it were new to her — round the grave, spacious room, with its sombre Spanish-leather-covered furniture, its ponderous writing-tables and shelves of books, its three lofty curtained windows. When her eyes at last came back to the lamp, and dwelt on it, they were very bright, and her face was flushed. Her foot could be heard tapping on the carpet. Presently she remembered herself and fell to work, vehemently slamming such drawers as were open, and locking them.

The private secretary found her doing this when he came in. She muttered something — still stooping with her face over the drawers — and almost immediately went out. He looked after her, partly because there was something odd in her manner — she kept her face averted; and partly because she was wearing a new and striking gown, and he admired her; and he noticed, as she passed through the doorway, that she had some papers held down by her side. But, of course, he thought nothing of this.

He was hopelessly late for his own dinner-party, and only stayed a moment to slip the letters just signed into envelopes prepared for them. Then he made hastily for the door, opened it, and came into abrupt collision with Sir Horace, who was strolling in.

"Beg pardon!" said that gentleman, with irritating placidity. "Late for dinner?"

"Rather!" cried the secretary, trying to get round him.

"Well," drawled the other, "which is the hand-box, old fellow?"

"It has just been cleared. Here, give it me. The messenger is in the hall now."

And Atley snatched the letter from his companion, the two going out into the hall together. Marcus, the butler, a couple of tall footmen, and the messenger were sorting letters at the table. "Here, Marcus," said the secretary, pitching his letter on the slab, "let that go with the others. And is my hansom here?"

In another minute he was speeding one way, and the Staffords in their brougham another, while Sir Horace walked at his leisure down to his club. The minister and his wife drove along in silence, for he forgot to ask her what she wanted; and,

strange to say, Lady Betty forgot to tell him. At the party she made quite a sensation; never had she seemed more recklessly gay, more piquant, more audaciously witty, than she showed herself this evening. There were illustrious personages present, but they paled beside her. The duke, with whom she was a great favorite, laughed at her sallies until he could laugh no more; and even her husband, her very husband, forgot for a time the country and the crisis, and listened half proud and half afraid. But she was not aware of this; she could not see his face where she was sitting. To all seeming she never looked that way. She was quite a model society wife.

Mr. Stafford himself was an early riser. It was his habit to be up by six; to make his own coffee over a spirit lamp, and then not only to get through much work in his dressing-room, but to take his daily ride also before breakfast. On the morning after the duke's party, however, he lay later than usual; and as there was more business to be done—owing to the crisis—the canter in the Park had to be omitted. He was still among his papers—though momentarily awaiting the breakfast-gong, when a hansom cab driven at full speed stopped at the door. He glanced up wearily as he heard the doors of the cab flung open with a crash. There had been a time when the stir and bustle of such arrivals had been sweet to him—not so sweet as to some, for he had never been deeply in love with the parade of office—but sweeter than to-day, when they were no more to him than the creaking of the mill to the camel that turns it blindfold and in darkness.

Naturally he was thinking of Lord Pilgrimstone this morning, and guessed, before he opened the note which the servant brought in to him, who was its writer. But its contents had, nevertheless, an electrical effect upon him. His brow reddened. With a quite unusual display of emotion he sprang to his feet, crushing the fragment of paper in his fingers. "Who brought this?" he asked sharply. "Who brought it?" he repeated, before the servant could explain.

The man had never seen him so moved. "Mr. Scratchley, sir," he answered.

"Ha! Then show him into the library," was the quick reply. And while the servant went to do his bidding, the minister hastily changed his dressing-gown for a coat, and ran down a private staircase, reaching the room he had mentioned by one door as Mr. Scratchley, Lord Pilgrim-

stone's secretary, entered it through another.

By that time he had regained his composure, and looked much as usual. Still, when he held up the crumpled note, there was a brusqueness in the gesture which would have surprised his ordinary acquaintances, and did remind Mr. Scratchley of certain "warm nights" in the House. "You know the contents of this, Mr. Scratchley?" he said without prelude, and in a tone which matched his gesture.

The visitor bowed. He was a grave, middle-aged man, who seemed oppressed and burdened by the load of cares and responsibilities which his smiling chief carried so jauntily. People said that he was the proper complement of Lord Pilgrimstone, as the more volatile Atley was of his leader.

"And you are aware," continued Mr. Stafford, still more harshly, "that Lord Pilgrimstone gives yesterday's agreement to the winds?"

"I have never seen his lordship so deeply moved," replied the discreet one.

"He says: 'Our former negotiation was ruined by premature talk, but this last disclosure can only be referred to treachery or gross carelessness.' What does this mean? I know of no disclosure, Mr. Scratchley. I must have an explanation, and you, I presume, are here to give me one."

For a moment the other seemed taken aback. "You have not seen the *Times*?" he murmured.

"This morning's? No. But it is here."

He snatched it, as he spoke, from a table at his elbow, and unfolded it. The secretary approached and pointed to the head of a column—the most conspicuous, the column most readily to be found in the paper. "They are crying it at every street corner I passed," he added apologetically. "There is nothing to be heard in St. James's Street and Pall Mall but 'Detailed Programme of the Coalition.' The other dailies are striking off second editions to contain it."

Mr. Stafford's eyes were riveted to the paper, and there was a long pause, a pause on his part of dismay and consternation. He could scarcely—to repeat a common phrase—believe his eyes. "It seems," he muttered at length, "it seems fairly accurate—a tolerably precise account, indeed."

"It is a verbatim copy," said the secretary dryly. "The question is, who furnished it. Lord Pilgrimstone, I am

authorized to say, has not permitted his note of the agreement to pass out of his possession — even up to the present moment."

"And so he concludes" — the minister said thoughtfully — "it is a fair inference enough, perhaps — that the *Times* must have procured its information from my note?"

"No!" the secretary objected sharply and forcibly. "It is not a matter of inference, Mr. Stafford. I am directed to say that. I have inquired, early as it is, at the *Times* office, and learned that the copy printed came directly from the hands of your messenger."

"Of my messenger!" Mr. Stafford cried, thunderstruck. "You are sure of that?"

"I am sure that the sub-editor says so."

And again there was silence. "This must be looked into," said Mr. Stafford at length, controlling himself by an effort. "For the present, I agree with Lord Pilgrimstone, that it alters the position — and perhaps finally."

"Lord Pilgrimstone will be damaged in the eyes of a large section of his supporters — seriously damaged," said Mr. Scratchley, shaking his head, and frowning.

"Possibly. From every point of view the thing is to be deplored. But I will call on Lord Pilgrimstone," continued the minister, "after lunch. Will you tell him so?"

A curious embarrassment showed itself in the secretary's manner. He twisted his hat in his hands, and looked suddenly sick and sad — as if he were about to join in the groan at a prayer-meeting. "Lord Pilgrimstone," he said, in a voice he vainly strove to render commonplace, "is going to the Sandown Spring Meeting to-day."

The tone was really so lugubrious — to say nothing of a shake of the head with which he could not help accompanying the statement — that a faint smile played on Mr. Stafford's lip. "Then I must take the next possible opportunity. I will see him to-morrow."

Mr. Scratchley assented to that, and bowed himself out, after another word or two, looking more gloomy and careworn than usual. The interview had not been altogether to his mind. He wished now that he had spoken more roundly to Mr. Stafford; perhaps even asked for a categorical denial of the charge. But the minister's manner had overawed him. He had found it impossible to put the ques-

tion. And then the pitiful, degrading confession he had had to make for Lord Pilgrimstone! That had put the coping-stone to his dissatisfaction.

"Oh!" sighed Mr. Scratchley, as he stepped into his cab. "Oh, that men so great should stoop to things so little!"

It did not occur to him that there is a condition of things even more sad: when little men meddle with great things.

Meanwhile Mr. Stafford, left alone, stood at the window deep in unpleasant thoughts, from which the entrance of the butler sent to summon him to breakfast first aroused him. "Stay a moment, Marcus," he said, turning with a sigh, as the man was leaving the room after doing his errand. "I want to ask you a question. Did you make up the messenger's bag last evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you notice a letter addressed to the *Times* office?"

The servant had prepared himself to cogitate. But he found it unnecessary.

"Yes, sir," he replied smartly. "Two."

"Two?" repeated Mr. Stafford, dismay in his tone, though this was just what he had reason to expect.

"Yes, sir. There was one I took from the hand-box, and one Mr. Atley gave me in the hall at the last moment," explained the butler.

"Ha! Thank you, Marcus. Then ask Mr. Atley if he will kindly come to me. No doubt he will be able to tell me what I want to know."

The words were commonplace, but the speaker's anxiety was so evident that Marcus when he delivered the message — which he did with all haste — added a word or two of warning. "It is about a letter to the *Times*, sir, I think. Mr. Stafford seemed a good deal put out," he said confidentially.

"Indeed?" Atley replied. "I will go down." And he started at once. But before he reached the library he met someone. Lady Betty looked out of the breakfast-room, and saw him descending the stairs with the butler behind him.

"Where is Mr. Stafford, Marcus?" she asked impatiently, as she stood with her hand on the door. "Good-morning, Mr. Atley," she added, her eyes descending to him. "Where is my husband? The coffee is getting quite cold."

"He has just sent to ask me to come to him," Atley answered. "Marcus tells me there is something in the *Times* which has annoyed him, Lady Betty; I will send him up as quickly as I can."

But Lady Betty had not stayed to receive this last assurance. She had drawn back and shut the door smartly; yet not so quickly but that the private secretary had seen her change color. "Umph!" he ejaculated to himself—the lady was not much given to blushing as a rule—"I wonder what is wrong with *her* this morning. She is not generally rude—to me."

It was not long before he got some light on the matter. "Come here, Atley," said his employer, the moment he entered the library. "Look at this!"

The secretary took the *Times*, folded back at the important column, and read the letter. Meanwhile the minister read the secretary. He saw surprise and consternation on his face, but no trace of guilt. Then he told him what Marcus said about the two letters which had gone the previous evening from the house addressed to the *Times* office. "One," he said, "contained the notes of my speech. The other—"

"The other," replied the secretary, thinking while he spoke, "was given to me at the last moment by Sir Horace. I threw it to Marcus in the hall."

"Ah!" said his chief, trying very hard to express nothing by the exclamation, but not quite succeeding. "Did you see that that letter was addressed to the editor of the *Times*?"

The secretary reddened, and betrayed sudden confusion. "I did," he said hurriedly. "I saw so much of the address as I threw the letter on the slab—though I thought nothing of it at the time."

Mr. Stafford looked at him fixedly. "Come," he said, "this is a grave matter, Atley. You noticed, I can see, the handwriting. Was it Sir Horace's?"

"No," replied the secretary.

"Whose was it?"

"I think—I think, Mr. Stafford—that it was Lady Betty's. But I should be sorry, having seen it only for a moment—to say for certain."

"Lady Betty's?"

Mr. Stafford repeated the exclamation three times: in pure surprise, in anger, a third time in trembling. In this last stage he walked away to the window, and turning his back on his companion looked out. He recalled at once his wife's petulant exclamation of yesterday, the foolish desire expressed, as he had supposed, in jest. Had she really been in earnest? And had she carried out her threat? Had she—his wife—done this thing so compromising to his honor, so mischievous to the country, so mad, reckless, wicked? Im-

possible. It was impossible. And yet—and yet Atley was a man to be trusted, a gentleman, his own relation. And Atley's eye was not likely to be deceived in a matter of handwriting. That Atley had made up his mind he could see.

The statesman turned from the window, and walked to and fro, his agitation betrayed by his step. The third time he passed in front of his secretary—who had riveted his eyes to the *Times* and appeared to be reading the money article—he stopped. "If this be true—mind I say if, Atley," he cried jerkily, "what was my wife's motive? I am in the dark! blindfolded! Help me! Tell me what has been passing round me that I have not seen. You would not have my wife—a spy?"

"No! no! no!" cried the other, as he dropped the paper, his vehemence and his working features showing that he felt the pathos of the appeal. "It is not that. Lady Betty is jealous, if I may venture to judge, of your devotion to politics. She sees little of you. You are wrapped up in public affairs and matters of state. She feels herself neglected and set aside. And she has been married no more than a year."

"But she has her society," objected the minister, compelling himself to speak calmly, "and her cousin, and—and many other things."

"For which she does not care," returned the secretary.

It was a simple answer, but something in it touched a tender place. Mr. Stafford winced and cast a queer, startled look at the speaker. Before he could reply, however—if he intended to reply—a knock came at the door and Marcus put in his head. "My lady is waiting breakfast, sir," he suggested timidly. What could a poor butler do between an impatient mistress and an obdurate master?

"I will come," said Mr. Stafford hastily. "I will come at once. For this matter, Atley," he continued when the door was closed again, "let it rest for the present where it is. I am aware I can depend upon you"—he paused, seeking a word—"your discretion. One thing is certain, however. There is an end of the arrangement made yesterday. Probably the queen will send for Templetown. I shall see Lord Pilgrimstone to-morrow, but probably that will be the end of it."

Atley went away marvelling at his coolness; trying to retrace the short steps of their conversation, and so to discern how

far the minister had gone with him, and where he had turned off upon a resolution of his own. He failed to see the clue, however, and marvelled still more as the day went on and others succeeded it; days of political crisis. Out of doors the world, or that little jot of it which has its centre at Westminster, was in confusion. The newspapers, morning or evening, found ready sale, and had no need of recourse to murder-panics, or prurient discussions. The Coalition scandal, the resignation of ministers, the sending for Lord This and Mr. That, the certainty of a dissolution, provided matter enough. In all this Atley found nothing to wonder at. He had seen it all before. That which did cause him surprise was the calm—the unnatural calm as it seemed to him—which prevailed in the house in Carlton Terrace. For a day or two, indeed, there was much going to and fro, much closeting and button-holing; for rather longer the secretary read anxiety and apprehension in one countenance—Lady Betty's. But things settled down. The knocker presently found peace, such comparative peace as falls to knockers in Carlton Terrace. Lady Betty's brow grew clear as her eye found no reflection of its anxiety in Mr. Stafford's face. In a word, the secretary failed to discern the faintest sign of domestic trouble.

The late minister, indeed, was taking things with wonderful coolness. Lord Pilgrimstone had failed to taunt him, and the triumph of old foes had failed to goad him into a last effort. Apparently it had occurred to him that the country might for a time exist without him. He was standing aside with a shade on his face, and there were rumors that he would take a long holiday.

A week saw all these things happen. And then, one day as Atley sat writing in the library—Mr. Stafford being out—Lady Betty came into the room for something. Rising to find her what she wanted, he was holding the door open for her to pass out, when she paused.

"Shut the door, Mr. Atley," she said, pointing to it. "I want to ask you a question."

"Pray do, Lady Betty," he answered.

"It is this," she said, meeting his eyes boldly—and a brighter, a more dainty little creature than she looked then had seldom tempted man. "Mr. Stafford's resignation—had it anything, Mr. Atley, to do with"—her face colored a very little—"something that was in the *Times* this day week?"

His own cheek colored violently enough. "If ever," he was saying to himself, "I meddle or mar between husband and wife again, may I——" But aloud he answered quietly, "Something perhaps." The question was sudden. Her eyes were on his face. He found it impossible to prevaricate. "Something perhaps," he said.

"My husband has never spoken to me about it," she replied, breathing quickly.

He bowed, having no words adapted to the situation. But he repeated his resolution (as above) more furiously.

"He has never appeared even aware of it," she persisted. "Are you sure that he saw it?"

He wondered at her innocence, or her audacity. That such a baby should do so much mischief. The thought irritated him. "It was impossible that he should not see it, Lady Betty," he said, with a touch of asperity. "Quite impossible!"

"Ah," she replied, with a faint sigh. "Well, he has never spoken to me about it. And you think it had really something to do with his resignation, Mr. Atley?"

"Most certainly," he said. He was not inclined to spare her this time.

She nodded thoughtfully, and then with a quiet thank you, went out.

"Well," muttered the secretary to himself when the door was fairly shut behind her, "she is—upon my word she is a fool! And he"—appealing to the ink-stand—"he has never said a word to her about it. He is a new Don Quixote! a second Job! a new Sir Isaac Newton! I do not know what to call him!"

It was Sir Horace, however, who precipitated the catastrophe. He happened to come in about tea-time that afternoon, before, in fact, my lady had had an opportunity of seeing her husband. He found her alone and in a brown study, a thing most unusual with her and portending something. He watched her for a time in silence; seemed to draw courage from a still longer inspection of his boots, and then said, "So the cart is clean over, Betty?"

She nodded.

"Driver much hurt?"

"Do you mean, does Stafford mind it?" she replied impatiently.

He nodded.

"Well, I do not know. It is hard to say."

"Think so?" he persisted.

"Good gracious, Horry!" my lady retorted, losing patience, "I say I do not know, and you say 'Think so?' If you

want to learn so particularly, ask him yourself. Here he is!"

Mr. Stafford had just entered the room. Perhaps she really wished to satisfy herself as to the state of his feelings. Perhaps she only desired in her irritation to put her cousin in a corner. At any rate she coolly turned to her husband and said, "Here is Horace wishing to know if you mind being turned out much."

Mr. Stafford's face flushed a little at the home-thrust which no one else would have dared to deal him. But he showed no displeasure. "Well, not so much as I should have thought," he answered frankly, pausing to weigh a lump of sugar, and, as it seemed, his feelings. "There are compensations, you know."

"Pity all the same those terms came out," grunted Sir Horace.

"It was."

"Stafford!" Lady Betty struck in on a sudden, speaking fast and eagerly, "is it true, I want to ask you, is it true that that led you to resign?"

Naturally he was startled, and even showed that he was. She was the last person whom he had expected to ask that question, but his long training in self-control stood him in good stead.

"Well, yes," he said quietly.

It was better, he was thinking, indeed it was only right, that she should know what she had done. But he did not look at her.

"Was it only that?" she asked again.

This time he weighed his answer. He thought her persistency odd. But again he assented.

"Yes," he said gravely. "Only that, I think. But for that I should have remained in—with Lord Pilgrimstone of course. Perhaps things are better as they are, my dear."

Lady Betty sprang from her seat with all her old vivacity. "Well!" she cried, "well, I am sure! Then why, I should like to know, did Mr. Atley tell me that my letter to the *Times* had something to do with it?"

"Did not say so," quoth Sir Horace. "Absurd!"

"Yes, he did," cried Lady Betty, so fiercely that the rash speaker, who had returned to his boots, fairly shook in them. "You were not there! How do you know?"

"Don't know," admitted Sir Horace meekly.

"But stay, stay a moment!" said Mr. Stafford, getting in a word with difficulty. It was strange if his wife could talk so

calmly of her misdeeds, and before a third party too. "What letter to the *Times* did Atley mean?"

"My letter about the Women's League," she explained earnestly. "You did not see it? No, I thought not. But Mr. Atley would have it that you had, and that it had something to do with your going out. Horace told me at the time that I ought not to send it without consulting you. But I did, because you said you could not be bothered with it—I mean you said you were busy, Stafford. And so I thought I would ask if it had done any harm, and Mr. Atley—What is the matter, Stafford?" she cried, breaking off sharply at sight of the change in his face. Did it do harm?"

"No, no," he answered. "Only I never heard of this letter before. What made you write it?"

"Well," said Lady Betty, while she colored violently, and became on a sudden very shy—like most young authors, "I wanted to be in the—in the swim with you, don't you know?"

Mr. Stafford murmured "Oh!"

Thanks to his talk with Atley he read the secret of that sudden shyness. And confusion poured over him more and more. It caused him to give way to impulse in a manner which a moment's reflection would have led him to avoid.

"Then it was not you," he exclaimed unwarily, "who sent Pilgrimstone's terms to the *Times*?"

"I?" she exclaimed in an indescribable tone, and with eyes like saucers. "I?" she repeated.

"Gad!" cried Sir Horace; and looked about for a way of escape.

"I?" she continued, struggling between wrath and wonder. "I betray you to the *Times*! And you thought so, Stafford?"

Then there was silence in the room for a moment—a long moment during which the cool, imperturbable statesman, the hard man of the world, did not know where to turn his eyes. "There were circumstances—several circumstances," he muttered at last, "which made—which forced me to think so."

"And Mr. Atley thought so?" she asked. He nodded. "Oh, that tame cat!" she cried, her eyes flashing.

Then she seemed to meditate while her husband gazed at her, a prey to conficting emotions, and Sir Horace made himself as small as possible. "I see," she continued presently in a different tone. "Only—only if you thought that, why did you

never say anything? Why did you not scold me, beat me, Stafford? I do not—I do not understand."

"I thought," he explained in despair—he had so mismanaged matters—"that perhaps I had left you—out of the swim, as you call it, Betty. That I had not treated you very well, and after all it might be my own fault."

"And you said nothing! You intended to say nothing?"

He nodded.

"Gad!" cried Sir Horace very softly.

But Lady Betty said nothing. She turned after a long look at her husband, and went straight out of the room, her eyes wet with tears. The two men heard her pause a moment on the landing, and then flit up-stairs and shut her door. But her foot, even to their gross ears, seemed to touch the stairs as if it loved them, and there was a happy lingering in the very slamming of the door.

They looked, when she had left them, anywhere but at one another. Sir Horace sought inspiration in his boots, and presently found it. "Wonder who did it, then?" he burst out at last.

"Ah! I wonder," replied the ex-minister, descending at a bound from the rosy, tumbled cloudland to which his thoughts had borne him. "I never pushed the inquiry; you know why now. But they should be able to enlighten us at the *Times* office. We could learn in whose handwriting the copy was, at any rate. It is not well to have spies about us."

"I can tell you in whose handwriting they say it was," said Sir Horace bluntly.

"In whose?"

"In Atley's."

Mr. Stafford did not look surprised. Instead of answering he thought. And the result was that he presently left the room in silence. When he came back he had a copy of the *Times* in his hand, and his face wore a look of perplexity. "I have read the riddle," he said, "and yet it is a riddle to me still. I never found time before to read the report of my speech at the club. It occurred to me to look at it now. It is full of errors, so full that it is clear the printer had not the corrected proof Atley prepared. Therefore I conclude that Atley's copy of the terms went to the *Times* instead of the speech. But how was the mistake made?"

"That is the question."

Happily the private secretary came into the room at this juncture. "Atley," Mr. Stafford said at once, "I want you. Carry your mind back a week—to this day

week. Are you sure that you sent the report of my speech at the club to the *Times*?"

"Am I sure?" replied the other confidently, nothing daunted by being so abruptly challenged. "I am quite sure I did, sir. I remember the circumstances. I found the report—it was type-written you remember—lying on the blotting-pad when I came down dressed for dinner. I slipped it into an envelope, and put it in the box. I can see myself doing it now."

"But how do you know that it was the report you put in the envelope?"

"You had indorsed it 'Corrected report.—W. Stafford,'" replied Atley triumphantly.

"Ah!" said Mr. Stafford, dropping his hands and eyes and sitting down suddenly, "I remember! My wife came in, and—yes, my wife came in."

From Longman's Magazine.

THE FOHN.

A VERY curious and withal highly important phenomenon experienced in the neighborhood of high mountain ranges has for centuries been a puzzle to those who have been under its influence, while the scientists of past generations in their attempts to get at the truth never succeeded in arriving at the real explanation. They could see the summits of the mountains buried under perpetual snow, and they knew that as they climbed up the slopes the air became colder and colder, so that there could be no doubt in their minds that the climate of the upper regions was very much colder than in the valleys below; and yet at times there came from the snowy heights a wind totally unlike what they expected: instead of being icy cold it was quite warm—even hot. It will be readily understood that the air as it travels along a level surface becomes warm or cold, according as the surface itself is warm or cold, like the African simoom and scirocco, the Siberian purga, and the American blizzard. The process is so natural that it scarcely requires an explanation. When, however, we are told that there are winds which become hot after traversing regions of intense cold, after passing over fields of eternal ice and snow and through chasms in the glaciers, where we may feel certain there is no summer temperature, we are disposed to be sceptical as to such a transformation from one extreme to the other being pos-

sible. That the change does take place there is ample evidence to show, and, paradoxical as it may appear, the transformation is quite as natural as in the more familiar cases, although perhaps not so obvious at first sight. Our ordinary winds are modified during their horizontal movement, but the particular wind with which we are now dealing is governed by other physical laws, which bring about a variety of changes during vertical ascent and descent, the phenomenon being known to meteorologists as the föhn.

It will be seen from the following pages that the subject is one of no small interest to the general public, and especially to those who are interested in emigration and colonizing schemes, or in the selection of health resorts. This marvellous wind is of the utmost benefit to mankind in modifying the rigorous climate of mountain districts, vieing with, if not excelling, the sun in its powerful effects.

The name föhn (supposed to be derived from *favonius*, a soft westerly wind) was originally applied to the hot wind which swept, sometimes with hurricane force, down into the Swiss valleys from the summits of the Alpine ranges, those

palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnaced in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity.

To account for the extraordinary warmth from such a quarter it was generally supposed that the scirocco of north Africa and the Mediterranean was lifted over the mountains and deposited in the northern valleys without having undergone any change. With this explanation, however, Professor Dove, the great meteorologist, was not satisfied, for he found on examining the records that the föhn was sometimes felt when there had been no scirocco on the Italian side. He was a recognized authority on questions relating to winds of the globe, but his conclusion as to the cause of this phenomenon was far from the truth. From his study of the atmospheric movements over the Atlantic he was of opinion that the heated air over the Caribbean Sea rose into the higher regions, crossed the ocean as a return trade-wind from south-west to north-east, and coming into contact with the Alpine ranges it descended into the valleys, still bearing much of the heat of the tropics. Perhaps this theory would have been acceptable to most persons while it was thought that the northern slopes of the Alps were the only districts affected.

Gradually, as observations became more general all over the world, it was found that there are very few countries where the föhn is not felt in a more or less decided form.

The fact at once disposes of the supposed scirocco origin and of Dove's theory, and has rendered it necessary for modern meteorologists to endeavor to settle the question by the light of a more accurate knowledge of the natural laws affecting the atmosphere. Within comparatively recent years many European and American *savants* have devoted much thought to the facts, Dr. Julius Hann, the eminent Vienna meteorologist, working indefatigably in collecting reliable information and discussing scientific observations, and it is chiefly to his untiring energy that the föhn is now so well understood by those who study climatology.

Every schoolboy knows, even if he does not comprehend why, that the higher we ascend into the atmosphere the lower the thermometer falls, the tops of the highest equatorial mountains, like those far removed from the tropics, being covered with snow all the year round. Balloonists experience the change of climate as they ascend in the free air, passing in the space of a few seconds from summer heat into winter cold.

Even now the laws which govern these changes are not thoroughly understood, but still sufficient is known of them to account in a general way for many atmospheric peculiarities. So many considerations have to be taken into account that it is impossible, with our present knowledge, to state precisely what modification must take place within a specified vertical distance. The pressure and temperature, the amount of moisture in the air, the direction and force of the wind, and other features are mixed up, and the best we can do under the circumstances is to give an approximate estimate of the rates of change, so as to be able to calculate very nearly the alteration due to height.

The inquiries conducted by Herschel, Hann, and others show that the change of temperature in a vertical column of air varies between 1° Fahrenheit for every three hundred (or even four hundred) feet when the air is saturated with moisture, and 1° for every one hundred and eighty feet when it is very dry, a difference which is of very great consequence in connection with the föhn. Damp air rising to a height of three thousand feet would lose 10° , and assuming that it was still damp and descending again to the lower level it

would regain the 10° . But here we must take into account other factors in the problem. Not only does the temperature decrease during the ascent, but the barometric pressure also, and as a result of this lightening and expanding the air is less capable of retaining the moisture which it contained below, dense clouds form, and on the hill slopes there is a copious precipitation in the form of rain or snow. It follows from this that when the air current has reached the summit it has parted with most, if not all, of its superfluous moisture, so that if it is going to pursue its course down the other slope it will be under different conditions from those which affected it during the ascent.

As stated above, if the air is dry the change of temperature proceeds at the rate of about 1° for every one hundred and eighty feet, so that in descending three thousand feet there would be an increase of rather more than 17° , which is a gain of 7° on the temperature before starting upwards as a damp wind. But it is not merely temperature that is affected during the descent. We have seen how the decrease of barometric pressure caused the air to favor the deposition of moisture; the increase of pressure brings about a contrary effect; it increases the capacity of the air for the retention of moisture, and what little dampness is left after crossing the summit becomes distributed throughout a larger space, and the air, therefore, feels much drier when it reaches the base. It should be remembered that our calculations have been made on the assumption that the air only ascends to the crest of the mountain and then descends; of course it will be evident that part of the volume which has swept up the slope will rise very much higher—many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet—before coming down again, so that there need be no surprise if the increase of temperature is several degrees more than what we obtain by calculating strictly on the height of the land. Speaking generally, the rule applies in all parts of the world. When Burton ascended the Cameroon Mountains to a height of thirteen thousand feet he recorded at the base a temperature of 85° , and at the summit between 40° and 45° . By our rule we should expect a reading of about 42° , so that there is little or no difference between the calculated and the observed temperature. If we assume the wind to be blowing from the Gulf of Guinea into Africa, and having to descend a similar height on the eastern

side of the Cameroons, we should expect the thermometer to rise to 114° , a not at all improbable reading in the interior.

Manifestly then a very useful truth has been established, and we must take it into account in studying local climate. Knowing the distribution of the mountain ranges and the direction of the prevailing winds, we can form a good idea of the suitability of various neighborhoods for agricultural purposes, for the treatment of ailments and diseases, and so forth.

Compared with the giants of other countries the British mountains are mere dwarfs, a few individual peaks exceeding three thousand feet, and Ben Nevis, the highest of all, rises to forty-four hundred feet. The systems to which these peaks belong, however, average but a moderate elevation, and consequently there is but little change in the temperature of the air when crossing from one side to the other, certainly not sufficiently decided to attract attention. Nevertheless, insignificant as are our hills, they serve as admirable examples of the truth of the principles involved in the production of the föhn. The moisture-laden winds from off the Atlantic deposit rain in torrents on the seaward slopes of the western hills. A glance at Map 21 in Longmans' "New Atlas," recently published, shows at once the relationship between the westerly winds and the heavy rainfall in the west. The mountains in the south of Ireland receive over fifty inches per annum, while the low-lying middle area from Dublin westward has less than thirty inches. The low part of Pembrokeshire, close to the sea, averages less than thirty-five inches, but away towards the mountains we find the amount increasing quickly to over sixty inches. The Cumberland hills and those of western Scotland are marked as over eighty inches on the average, but it is well known that at some of the stations in the higher parts from one hundred and fifty to two hundred inches fall in a year. Now look at the eastern halves of England and Scotland and observe the result of this exhaustion of the atmosphere. There are large spaces over which less than twenty-five inches fall—in some years considerably less than twenty inches. Our grazing districts, the rich pasture-lands, are in the west; our cornfields and the great majority of our health resorts are in the east.

Another result we find in the amount of sunshine recorded on the opposite sides of the mountains, a clear sky being char-

acteristic of the föhn as it descends. In the first three months of the present year Stornoway, on the eastern side of the island of Lewis, had 183 hours of bright sunshine; Glencarron, in Ross-shire had 118 hours, and Aberdeen 232 hours, the last-mentioned being twelve hours more than were registered at Hastings, one of the sunniest of our watering-places along the south coast. These are the totals, irrespective of the direction of the wind. They would be still more marked were we supplied with the values under each air current. Thus in the week ending March 4, when the east wind, the Aberdeen seabreeze, predominated, Aberdeen had 16½ hours of sunshine against 36 hours at Glencarron; but in the week ending March 25, when westerly winds prevailed, Glencarron had 5½ hours and Aberdeen 24 hours. As the westerly winds are far more frequent in the course of the year than those from other points, there is a real difference between the eastern and western slopes of the mountains, as may be gathered from the fact that as far north as Aberdeenshire such tender fruits as apricots and peaches ripen in the open air up to an altitude of one thousand feet; while along the west coast, even at sea-level, the heat is not of the nature to bring them to maturity.

But to study the föhn we must go abroad amongst the huge eminences rising up to and above the snow line. The Alpine föhn has received more attention than all others put together, and the literature of the subject is therefore very voluminous. It is usually experienced when large cyclonic disturbances exist over north-western Europe, drawing the warm, damp air of the Mediterranean northwards across the Alps. The lower Alps rise to about two thousand feet, the middle Alps commence at about five thousand five hundred feet and rise to the region of perpetual snow, and the high Alps rise from eight thousand feet upwards, Mont Blanc, the highest point, reaching fifteen thousand three hundred and seventy-two feet. In mounting these elevations the sea air undergoes the changes already described, depositing rain and snow on the Italian slopes, is cold and dry as it rolls over the summit, and descending into the Swiss valleys dry and hot, the temperature rising to between 80° and 90°. One example will suffice to indicate the reality of the changes. During the progress of a föhn wind across the Alps on January 31 and February 1, 1869, Bellinzona, at an

altitude of seven hundred and fifty feet, had a temperature of 37.4° and a relative humidity of eighty per cent.; San Vittore, at eight hundred and ninety feet, was 36.5°, and relative humidity eighty-five per cent. On St. Gotthard, at six thousand eight hundred and ninety feet, the thermometer recorded 24°; but Altdorf, at one thousand four hundred and ninety feet, on the northern slope, had a temperature of 58° and a relative humidity of twenty-five per cent.

The inhabitants of the valleys are well acquainted with the premonitory symptoms of an approaching föhn storm. According to Tschudi, light streams of vapor appear on the southern horizon and settle on the tops of the mountains. (This cloud looks like a thick bank against the southern background of the hills, and is known by the name of "föhn wall.") The sun sets pale and dim in a deep red sky, and for some time afterwards the clouds glow with the liveliest of purple tints. The night is sultry, with occasional streams of cold air, and the moon is encircled by a dull reddish halo. The atmosphere is remarkably clear and transparent, making the mountains look much nearer than they are, their summits being bathed in a bluish violet color. From afar is heard the rustling of the forests above, and in the stillness of the night there is the roar of the hill streams, swollen by the great rush of water from the melting snow. Although in the immediate neighborhood all is quiet, there is a feeling that a great commotion is near. A few heavy gusts, cold and keen at first, especially in winter, when the country is all under snow, announce the advance of the föhn, and then a sudden and deep silence follows. This calm is the proverbial precursor of the storm, as the föhn soon bursts upon the valley in a flood of hot wind, increasing rapidly to a frightful hurricane, lasting, with more or less violence, for two or three days, and setting all nature in an uproar. Trees are uprooted; rocks detached; mountain torrents overflow; houses and barns are unroofed, and the country round terrified at the violence of the gale. Human nature is enervated and depressed, birds disappear, the chamois seeks shelter in the gorges, and all animate objects are restless and uneasy.

Aware of the risks attending these föhnbursts, the inhabitants, at the first indication of what is about to happen, hasten to extinguish their fires. In many districts firemen are specially appointed to hurry

from house to house to see that every fire is out, as the buildings being constructed almost entirely of wood, any smouldering embers carried about by the furious wind would easily bring about a calamitous conflagration.

But, in spite of the risks and the dangers by which it is attended, the Swiss have learned by experience, and are practical enough to see that the benefits derived from the föhn far more than compensate for whatever damage it may cause. They especially welcome its visits in the early part of the year. It is their harbinger of spring, bearing on its warm, dry wings joy and gladness to every hearth. Its peculiar heat dissolves as much snow in a day as the sun's rays can melt in a fortnight; in the Grindelwald a couple of feet of snow disappears in twelve hours under its influence. Were it not for this wise provision of nature the vast accumulations of winter snow would never be melted, as the sun would take more than a summer season to thaw it. Divest the föhn wind of its special characteristics and most of the Alpine holiday resorts would be no longer accessible even in the hottest weather. As it is the hot wind, not the hot sun, rapidly disperses the snowy mantle at any time of the year, and produces a climate which admits of the successful cultivation of the vine in the higher valleys. To the föhn-like character of the air is due the delightful, invigorating atmosphere of Davos Platz, St. Moritz, Seewis, and other Alpine stations, where invalids can enjoy brilliant warm sunshine all through the winter.

Switzerland, however, has no exclusive right to the föhn; we find it wherever the contributory circumstances are similar.

Visitors to Biarritz, Pau, Bagnères de Bigorre, and neighboring resorts little think of the föhn as an element in the climate of the district. The Pyrenees form the northern boundary of the mountains of the Spanish peninsula, the wintering stations being on the French plain at the foot of the range. The peninsular mountains intercept the great volume of water carried by the south-west winds from the Atlantic, and the air, thus freed of its moisture, descends into France dry and warm. In the depth of winter, between December and February, while the mountains to the south are drenched with rain, the wind comes down to Biarritz and district with a temperature exceeding 70°, and containing only about ten per cent. of moisture, occasionally being quite dry.

When the wind is from the west, from the Bay of Biscay, the neighborhood suffers from wet weather in the usual way, but the fine bright weather comes with the mountain wind.

The Dovrefield and Kiølen ranges, extending the length of Scandinavia, are obstacles to the advance of the damp westerly winds. The waters of the Gulf Stream skirt the west coast, and the wind carries great quantities of the evaporated water to the windward side of the mountains, the leeward side being dry and warm. It is probably due to this quality of the föhn that the climate of the interior is so healthy. In a work published in London in 1771 it was stated, "The air is so pure in some of the inland parts that the inhabitants live so long as to be tired of life, and cause themselves to be transported to a less salubrious air." As if to justify this conclusion it was added that a Norwegian is not past his labor at a hundred years of age, four couples being married in 1733 whose joint ages exceeded eight hundred years.

During the passage of an Atlantic disturbance across the north of Norway between January 9 and 10, 1888, the thermometer on the west coast rose 4° or 5°, but across the Kiølen range at Haparanda, on the Gulf of Bothnia, the temperature, which was 24° below zero on the ninth, rose to 37° above zero on the tenth, an increase of 61°. Further south, at Herönsand, the increase in the same period amounted to 27°.

If we require more convincing proof of the reality of the föhn wind we have it in the icy solitudes of the Polar regions, where it is a welcome visitor to the few human beings whose lot is cast in these dreary parts. Along the west coast of Greenland the warm wind comes not from the sea to the westward, but from the glaciers of the interior to east and south-east. Dr. Frithiof Nansen, the intrepid Norwegian who crossed the southern part of Greenland in August and September, 1888, had to ascend an altitude of ten thousand feet, and for nearly three weeks he and his companions were travelling at a height exceeding nine thousand feet, with a temperature between 40° and 58° below zero Fahrenheit. These summer readings give us some idea of the frightful cold inland; what it may be in winter we have no conception. Without the knowledge we now possess who would have imagined it possible for the winds "from Greenland's icy mountains" to bring

warmth to the shores of Davis Strait? Thanks to the föhn the wretched climate is sometimes rendered fairly comfortable in mid-winter. The movement of cyclonic disturbances across the southern point of the continent is generally accompanied by a substantial rise of the thermometer on the west coast; the south-east wind, drawn from off the north Atlantic, is forced up the mountains of the interior, and descending to Godthaab, Upernivik, etc., has already passed through the warming and drying process.

The recently published series of charts for the whole of the basin of the north Atlantic issued by the Meteorological Office contain several instances of the Greenland föhn during the winter of 1882-3. On February 2, 1883, the Greenland stations under the south-east wind had risen to 24° and 31° above zero, whereas Cumberland Sound, not far off, but under a different air current, was 36° below zero—a difference of 67° in so short a distance. Next day the wind on the Greenland coast, except at one station, had gone round to north-west with rapidly falling temperature, the one at which it was still south-east having risen to 34°, or 78° warmer than Cumberland Sound. Instances are recorded by the Danish observers of the south-easterly wind raising the winter temperature on the coast to between 55° and 60°.

The Eskimo of Baffin's Land have their *aksadnim*, or warm north-easterly wind, which frequently brings them relief from the prevailing winter cold, and at times it blows with great violence.

Sir George Nares describes the effect of the south-east wind experienced while at winter quarters at Floeberg Beach, only four hundred and fifty miles from the North Pole. On November 21, 1875, with a northerly wind, the mean temperature was 41° below zero; the following days were much alike, but on the twenty-sixth the wind changed through west to south-west and south-south-east, the temperature rising to 19° above zero, an increase of 60°. Other wind changes sent the thermometer down again, but the return to the south-east on December 3 caused the instrument to ascend to 35°, or 3° above the freezing point, which Sir George designates "a very warm blast." In his journal he made the following entry with reference to this period: "This last gale undoubtedly travelled to the northward from Baffin's Bay, perhaps from the Atlantic. The warm air is at a higher temperature than any water within six hun-

dred miles of our position." As a matter of fact the variations of temperature had been recorded along the coast of Greenland on November 25, a day before they reached Floeberg Beach.

On January 1, 1854, when at anchor in winter quarters in Repulse Bay, Dr. Rae wrote: "The thermometer rose to-day to the very unusual height of 18° above zero, wind being south-east, with snow." This reading was about 60° above the temperature of the previous days.

The American continent has a long chain of high mountains running throughout its whole length from Alaska to Cape Horn, and according to the circulation of the wind so is the föhn on the eastern or on the western side. As in northern Europe so in the northern part of North America, the prevailing wind is from the ocean, the Pacific having the warm Japanese current just in the same way as the Atlantic has its Gulf Stream. North of about latitude forty degrees the climate on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains is somewhat like our western coasts, wet and damp and entirely different from what is experienced on the eastern slope, where the annual rainfall is less than fourteen inches.

When Mackenzie visited the Peace River, Athabasca, and the surrounding territory a century ago he was specially struck by the warm wind from the mountains at Christmas and New Year. "Soon after it commenced the atmosphere became so warm that it dissolved all the snow on the ground; even the ice was covered with water, and had the same appearance as when it is breaking up in spring." His explanation of the phenomenon is worth repeating, for it has the merit of being very near the truth. "These warm winds come off the Pacific Ocean, which cannot, in a direct line, be very far from us; the distance being so short that, though they pass over mountains covered with snow, there is not time for them to cool." He was quite right as to their origin, but he did not fathom the processes of change during the ascent and descent. Since his day the locality has, until quite recently, been all but forgotten; everybody had an idea that the climate was so severe as to render it uninhabitable during the winter months, imagination picturing the year as being composed of a great deal of winter and very little summer. Now the facts are becoming known it is found to be just the reverse of this. The officers of the Canadian Geological Survey and the engineers who had to plan the track of the

great railroad which now runs from Quebec to Vancouver were brought to the heart of the region in which Mackenzie felt the warm wind from the Pacific, and the treatment of the subject by Dawson, Ingersoll, Harrington, and other Americans has undoubtedly led to a considerable modification in the view held about the climate of this region. Every inducement is now offered by the Dominion government to those who are searching for a home in the colonies to settle in the excellent climate of Alberta. There are parts of this district where winter does not set in until December, sometimes as late as Christmas, and ends early in February. Short spells of sharp cold are felt, when the thermometer may fall as low as 50° below zero — a rare occurrence and lasting only a day or two, the frequent visits of the *chinook* wind (the local name for the föhn) preventing a long continuance of excessive cold. The harvest is gathered as late as October, and the winter is so peculiarly mild that cattle require no shelter such as we have to provide for them at home.

The following extract from the pen of Mr. McCaul, who is well acquainted with Alberta, resembles generally Tschudi's description of the Alpine föhn: "The grand characteristic of the climate as a whole, that on which the *weather* hinges, is the chinook wind. It blows from west to south-west, in varying degrees of strength, from the gentle breeze that just tosses the heads of the daisies and sunflowers to the howling gale that carries off contributions of chimneys, barrels, shingles, hats, and miscellaneous rubbish to our neighbors in Assinaboia. In winter the wind is distinctly warm, in summer not so distinctly cool. Its approach is heralded by the massing of dark cumulus clouds about the mountain-tops and a distinct wailing and rumbling from the passes or gorges. Its effect in winter is little short of miraculous. When a *real* chinook blows the thermometer often rises in a few hours from 20° below zero to 40° above zero; the snow, which in the morning may have been a foot deep, disappears before night; everything is dripping; but before another night falls all the water is lapped up by the thirsty wind, and the prairie is so dry that a horse's hoofs hardly make an imprint."

The influence of this extraordinary benefactor may be felt as far south as Wyoming, in the United States, but it is not so well marked there as within our own territory. A not inconsiderable proportion

of European emigrants now wend their way to the north-west for the country round Calgary, Lethbridge, and localities towards the foot-hills, where experience proves the climate to be far more favorable than had been supposed a few years ago.

At the northern end of the Andean range, where the peaks rise to from sixteen to twenty-four thousand feet, the prevailing wind is the south-east trade, which traverses Brazil and deposits its moisture on the eastern slope, supplying the necessary water for the mighty Amazon and its numerous tributaries. By the time the wind reaches the *páramos* and *punas* — the deserts — of the higher altitudes it has lost all trace of dampness, the intense cold and dryness together rendering the neighborhood quite uninhabitable. Descending to the narrow strip of Peru and Chili, between the mountains and the Pacific, the air is insufferably hot, but so dry that years pass without more than a slight shower, the whole country being utterly desert and waterless.

Towards the southern extremity, from Valparaiso to Cape Horn, on the contrary, the wind is from the west, so that the Pacific slopes are drenched, one authority stating that there are probably not ten days in the year without rain. On the Patagonian side the weather is almost continuously dry, with a clear blue sky. Two or three years pass without rain; the rivers are fordable at their mouths, and the country is a wretched desert — the Indians' "Country of the Devil," from its extreme aridity.

The south-Atlantic winds wafted across Cape Colony produce the föhn phenomenon in Natal, where even in mid-winter the hot blast sends the thermometer at Maritzburg up to between 85° and 100° . The Egyptian *khamisin* is the south-west monsoon after it has lost its moisture on the equatorial mountains of central Africa.

Mr. Blanford, late meteorological reporter to the government of India, recently supplied the following very interesting example of the phenomenon experienced in Ceylon, where Sir Samuel Baker had also observed similar variations of climate. "In June, 1861," says Mr. Blanford, "I paid a week's visit to the hill sanitarium of Newera Eliya, at an elevation of sixty-two hundred feet, on the western face of Pedro Talle Galle, the highest mountain in the island. The south-west monsoon was blowing steadily on this face of the range; and during the whole time of my stay it rained, as far as I am aware, without an

hour's intermission, and a dense canopy of cloud enveloped the hill face, and never lifted more than a few hundred feet above the little valley in which Newera Eliya is built. But on leaving the station by the eastern road that leads across the crest of the range to Badulla, at a distance of five miles one reaches the *col* or dip in the ridge near Hackgalle, and thence the road descends some two thousand feet to a lower table-land which stretches away many miles to the east. No sooner is this point passed than all rain ceases and cloud disappears, and one looks down on the rolling grassy hills bathed in the sunshine of a tropical sun, and swept by the dry westerly wind that descends from the mountain ridge. In little more than a mile one passes from day-long and week-long cloud and rain to constant sunshine and a cloudless sky."

It was at one time thought that the dry, hot winds which sweep the plains of Canterbury, New Zealand, were the scorching breezes of the interior of Australia wafted across the intervening sea and very slightly modified during the journey, but they are now admitted to be only another instance of the föhn. The prevailing westerly winds rise over the southern Alps, deposit one hundred and twelve inches of rain at Hokitika, and more at higher elevations, in the course of the year, pass the summit, and descend the eastern slope under a serene sky of deep blue, the annual rainfall at Christchurch averaging only twenty-six inches. The mountain air is so dry and hot that the snow and glaciers melt rapidly, causing a rise of from ten to twenty feet of water in the streams in the course of a few hours. The dry warmth is often felt some distance out at sea off the east coast.

It will be gathered from what has been said that the föhn is a mixed blessing. As a matter of course it has its disadvantages — wrecks houses, floods the valley, and accomplishes other acts of destruction. But against these inconveniences we must place its magic power for doing good — getting rid of the ice and snow, mitigating the severity of winter cold even in the remotest parts of the Arctic regions, modifying climate to such an extent as to make it possible to produce corn and fruit in regions where, without its aid, agriculture could not be attempted; the air is made salubrious and healthy, and in many other ways the phenomenon contributes in no small degree to the sum total of human happiness.

HENRY HARRIES.

From Good Words.

FREDERICK ELTZE.

BY JOSEPH SWAIN.

THERE are some men whose lives could never be constructed out of an examination of their works, and this is the case with poor Eltze, whose story is the saddest with which I am acquainted. Judged by the sketches he did, one would conclude that he was the happiest of men; only in very rare cases is there any trace of sadness in his work; his children are always full of fun and gaiety, his youths and maidens always in love with one another, and age is always accompanied with pleasant attributes of honor and respect. One must needs laugh when Eltze drew the picture; there was no corner in which any one could find a sigh. Yet the artist never knew what robust health was, never had troops of friends, never mingled in the games of happy childhood, but drew his inspiration from the stories told in newspapers, and such interpretations as he could obtain from looking down upon the people in Great Scotland Yard. This, as almost everybody knows, is the headquarters of the detective police force of the metropolis, and to go to Scotland Yard is by no means a cheery anticipation.

Eltze's parents were German; his father when a young man was confidential valet to the Duke of Sussex, and at his death became confidential clerk to the late Sir Richard Mayne, and his mother had charge of a suite of rooms used by Sir Richard. For their services they were provided with apartments for themselves, and here it was that I first made acquaintance with the young artist. He had sent Mark Lemon some specimens of work for *Punch* — I believe that they were initial letters; and they were of such a character as to lead the editor to direct me to make a call. On reaching Scotland Yard I was ushered up-stairs into a room at the back of the house, and the young artist exhibited to me a large number of sketches, all showing traces of rapid execution. The subjects were chiefly of a social character, and illustrations of child life, and he drew much of his inspiration from what he had seen of children at Ramsgate, where he was born, and where his parents lived for some years. He was at first engaged upon initial letters, and was afterwards entrusted with half-page drawings on social subjects. This was during the lifetime of Leech; and after the death of that gifted artist in 1864, Eltze drew some of the principal social subjects and half-page illustrations. His work in *Punch* ranged

over a period of only six years — commencing with a slight sketch which appeared April 30, 1864, and closing with the initial letter C which appeared September 17, 1870, two months before his death.

At the time when I made his acquaintance he was in ill-health, suffering from the first symptoms of consumption; and from year to year the malady increased in intensity, until after sixteen years' suffering he died November 11, 1870, at Hastings, and was buried at Kensal Green. I never met him walking in the street, and I know that for months together he never went outside the house in which he lived except in a cab. Among his friends was Mr. Westall, the model, who was much attached to him, and who was engaged by most of the R.A.'s, and was able to give Eltze much information of what was going on in the different studios.

After the death of his father, he and his mother took a cottage near Epsom for a short time. He was then working for *Punch*, and his mother had a small pension from the police. I went down to see him upon one occasion, and found him, notwithstanding his ill-health, cheerful and happy. There was a big fruit-pie on the dinner-table, and I remember that Eltze pressed me very much to try it, and laughingly said, "My mother made the crust with suet." There was a wonderful bond of affection between him and his mother, and she, poor lady, thought a great deal of her son's talent. They were not long at Epsom, and from there went to reside at 6 Trafalgar Square, Chelsea, where her poor son's body was brought from Hastings prior to his funeral.

Eltze's connection with *Punch* commenced with a small drawing $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, which appeared, as I have said, in 1864. This was entitled "Othello on Crinoline," founded on the words "It is the cause! It is the cause!" It was the time when the crinoline had grown to the most extravagant size, and *Punch* had determined to put the nuisance down. Ridicule was heaped upon the monstrosity, and it was made fun of in many consecutive numbers. This picture is not in Eltze's happiest style. Desdemona with a thorough English face lies asleep in bed; while Othello in his shirt and slippers, with a tiny tasselled nightcap perched on the top of his curly head, raves at a crinoline. This garment he holds together in his hands, the upper portion forming the letter O, though the drawing is not used for an initial letter, and the right hand

also grasps an Italian rapier. There followed, on May 14, eight cuts, representing "The Rejected of the Academy." These, which are very funny, are "Vice" — drawing of a vice; "The Chops of the Channel" — three chops flying in the air; "The Old, Old Story" — a dilapidated cottage by the sea, with a broken window shutter; "The Mill Race" — two windmills with human legs and arms having a race; "The Missing Link" — a torch; "This is a Sorry Sight, Macbeth" — two hands extended from a nose just shown in the margin; "Venus Rising from the Sea" — a star ascending out of the water; "Unto this Last" — a shoemaker's last on the floor. The text is exceedingly droll. Pains are taken to describe the beauties of the several pictures: the suggestiveness of the screw which closes the anvil; the streaks in the chops, and the angry air, and the light upon the falling shutter, "aërial perspective has never been carried to such perfection." The article winds up with a solemn declaration that these pictures furnish proof of the non-decadence of English art. The sketches are interesting also as the first introduction of the series, now so popular, in the hands of another artist: "The Academy Pictures."

On May 28 there appeared six small pictorial renderings of "Foreign Intelligence." "The Bourse opened flat" — a bag containing money wide open; "Lively appearance after business hours" — the same bag closed and distended with money; "Hides active but with a downward tendency" — a bull leaping over a gate; "Iron Market: Pigs dull" — three fat pigs asleep; a man in a cotton night-shirt reading a newspaper by the light of a candle, which is dripping, in illustration of "Cotton Market," "Stripes tending upwards," and "Tallow yielding;" "Foreign Stocks a shade higher, and Gold advanced" — represented by a foreigner wearing an exceedingly high stock, and breast pins standing out conspicuously from his breast. In the same number is the first half-page illustration which Eltze drew. On the wall are the words "To the Underground Railway," and three ladies in crinolines are watching a sewers' man descending by an open grating. These sketches scarcely bear comparison with those which follow, but improvement was quickly manifested, and the half-pages became more humorous. His humor was first apparent in "A Friend in Need," September 24 — an old gentleman being helped up on to the front seat of an omni-

bus by a boy with the bristle end of his broom; and on October 1, "The safest Way of taking a Lady down to Dinner" — the lady taking up the whole of the staircase, and the gentleman descending outside the balusters. The first drawing in which he showed his wonderful skill in imparting motion to the things he drew, and suggesting action on the part of his figures, appeared on October 8, a half-page called "How very thoughtful!" A boat rowed by a waterman, and very deep in the sea, carries three ladies and four gentlemen. Old lady says, "Are you not afraid of getting drowned when you have the boat so full?" to which the boatman replies, "Oh, dear no, mum, I always wears a lifebelt, so I'm safe enough." The boat is moving through a broken sea, articles that are worn are flying backwards, a lady's crinoline spreads over the stern in the water, and gulls hovering in the air add to the completeness of the illusion.

On October 29, 1864 — the day Leech died — there appeared another half-page by Eltze, entitled "Too-Clever by Half!" in which a little child with her finger in the mouth of a baby tells her indignant aunt, amid the amusement of three other ladies, "Baby's mouth so funny; it's just like yours before you get out of bed — no, not one tooth."

The half-pages drawn by Eltze after Leech's death rapidly improved in quality. That on November 5, is called "A slight Misunderstanding," some draymen are engaged in lowering a cask into a cellar below a church, and a foreigner asks "Any body in that?" to which the reply is "A very good body too." On December 24, appeared "A Scene in a Ball-room," Spriggles, with an admirably drawn face, has burst his braces, and the ladies surrounding him thinking he has been taken ill are tendering sympathy.

One of his best illustrations in *Punch* appeared February 18, 1865, and represented what Mr. Punch saw on St. Valentine's day. The text is as follows: "A gentleman who does not wish to give his name for family reasons, states that just for the fun of the thing, he looked out of the window to see if he should have a valentine, and that was what met his eye." On the right hand page Mr. Punch is standing at an open window, and below on the opposite page is a sea of pretty faces, every one raised smilingly towards the window.

On April 29, 1865, there was an exquisite half-page, entitled "A Case of Ring

Dropping," representing a marriage service interrupted by the bridegroom dropping the ring. The picture is crowded with figures, the parson, clerk, bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and verger, nearly all of whom are taking part in the search, turning over hassocks, and raising dresses. The clergyman and the verger being the only two not actually engaged in the search.

Another half-page full of life and movement appeared on June 17, and is entitled "Query? Do not the long skirts kindle Christian feeling in our hearts when leaving church?" There is a crush in the aisle of the church after service, men are thrown against pew doors, gentlemen are enclosed by the long trains of the ladies, and in endeavoring to avoid treading upon them create confusion, which is admirably depicted upon the faces of the ladies; one gentleman in his vain endeavor to avoid the train of a lady, loses his wig; one or two are raising their legs, another is about to stamp his foot down wildly upon a train, to preserve his perpendicular. The ladies sail on, some with placid countenances, others looking viciously at the gentlemen behind, or with a sneer at the lady by their side.

On December 30, 1865, appeared the first of the series devoted to the amusements of children. This is called "The Waits" — four pretty children in their night-dresses, with a little dog, at a bedroom door, and underneath the words, "The only ones to whom Mr. P. gives a Xmas box." On February 4, an "Animated Egg" represented some lads rolling a snowball, in the centre of which was one of their companions.

Punch's Almanack for 1865 contains several of his illustrations, full of those tender touches of which he was the best exponent of his day. A very sweet drawing appears under the heading of "A Christmas Sermon." A child is sitting with an elder sister in a pew at church. "Lizzy: Oh, Amy, where is the misletoe? Amy: They never have it in church, dear. Lizzy: Oh! then we must not love each other when we are in church."

In the volume of *Punch* for 1866, March 17, is one of the happiest of his productions; this is called "Presence of Mind," and represents a number of children in the hall of a house playing at horses. The driver, wearing a big hat, sits in a perambulator; there are two children in the traces prancing along; a fourth, a little girl, has fallen, a boy blows a paper trumpet, and a dog is running;

the driver seeing the fallen child, calls out, "Sit on her head and cut the traces." There is life in every figure, animation and glee in the children's faces, and the little terrier's coat is electrified, and every hair stands up.

In May 5, 1866, is a famous scene full of fun and energy. A number of boys and girls, the grandchildren of a bishop, have got into his library, and are building a dog kennel with the old folios. The dogs Eltze introduced were always long-haired terriers. One boy is on a pair of folding steps, getting another book from the shelf, when the good bishop comes in with a rush. Catching hold of one child by the arm, he makes a leap for the boy on the steps, and catches hold of him also; the others on the floor are too intent in covering the dog with an open folio to notice for the instant, and the child on the steps protests at the attack made on him with the excuse, "We are only taking the very oldest we can find."

In *Good Words*, for 1864, there appears only one drawing by Eltze, amongst a number of others by Millais, Tenniel, and Pinwell. This was called "At the Gate," and represented a child in thin garments, blown by the wind, looking through a gateway at a mansion whose windows are lighted. It illustrates a poem by J. C. A., beginning:—

Footsore, cold, and weary,
The child stood at the gate,

and the story is of a mother, who, dying, entreats her daughter to follow her through the gate into the far country. Finding this iron gate and beautiful house, the child fancies she has found the entrance to the far country, and lingers there until driven away by a cold-hearted porter.

The *Sunday Magazine* for 1865 has a full-page sketch by him entitled "Gleaning." There is a poem which describes the scene illustrated:—

When I went out to glean
The sea was still, the tree was still,
The stubble grass was green.

Here the gleaners are a few women, two girls, and a boy; there is a wagon with corn in the roadway, and a glimpse of sea beyond. The spirit of the poem is beautifully rendered.

"The Table Book," illustrated by Eltze (altogether an idea of his own) and edited by Mark Lemon, was published by Bradbury and Evans in 1867, and this book gave to the gentle artist the utmost scope

for the exercise of his peculiar talent. Its full title was "The New Table Book, or, Pictures for Young and Old Parties, with a copy of verses to each picture, and a page for everybody's Favorite." The editor's lines were of the fewest, the address beginning:—

"Gentles all, although our pictures speak for themselves, it has been thought meet to tag them with brief rhymes, if not with much reason," etc.

In "The Table Book" are many very striking pictures: boys home from school sliding down the balusters of a staircase, children at the seaside joining hands and dancing in the water, Christmas games, and out-door sports.

Eltze also furnished eight illustrations to a well-known little book, by Miss Ingelow, entitled "Stories told to a Child."

The chief drawings which he made for *Once a Week* appeared in 1868, two years before his death, when his weakness had made him a close prisoner, waited upon by his affectionate and admiring mother. They were all double-page pictures, and illustrated the social questions of the day; seaside sketches, incidents at Wimbledon: the effect of the hot weather on people, and the plea of women for the franchise. Every picture is instinct with life, motion, and merriment.

In 1869 he drew the calendar page to *Punch's Almanack*. Punch is represented coquetting with a lady, skating, lolling on the seashore, and playing pan-pipes. In the centre Punch bears the world on his shoulders, and children's faces, laughing and smiling, appear everywhere. Amongst the signs of the Zodiac a steaming kettle is introduced. Everything is animated and stirring, and every face is laughing.

In 1869 Eltze made many drawings for the *Illustrated Midland News*, which was conducted by Mr. Joseph Hatton. The Christmas number was designed by him, and he made a large drawing for the first page, entitled "Bringing in Christmas." He also drew the "Incidents of the Week." In January, 1870, he drew "Coming home from Church on a Winter Sunday."

The last of his social pictures in *Punch* appeared January 15, 1870, and was called "In Town and Country." In "Town," paterfamilias with his wife, both covered with the same umbrella, are struggling against a storm of wind and rain. The street is crowded with foot-passengers, and every step taken causes the water to spring up. In "Country," fields are represented under water, there is a row of

stunted willows with naked branches, and rain is falling; a desolate picture having something akin to his own experience of life.

It is quite impossible to exhaust the beautiful series of social sketches which Eltze made. His very last drawing was to an initial letter "C," and appeared September 17, 1870. Punch, wearing a Turkish fez, is represented on a minaret, with hands extended, and the text begins thus: "Come, all of you, and listen: Mr. Punch begs leave to acknowledge (without thanks) 7,827 jokes, literary or pictorial, on the word 'Sedan.'" That was the leave-taking of poor Fritz Eltze.

The *Illustrated Midland News* published the last illustration of his on February 11, 1871; this was a three-quarter page drawing, the subject being "A Valentine," made, says the editor, shortly before he died. It was in happy accord with the work he did, and very suggestive that the very last work should be the token of tender love, a valentine. The picture, which lacks animation, represents two young maidens standing before a toilet mirror, examining the valentines they have received. All that the editor says of Eltze is that he was "a rising artist, and died comparatively young." He was only thirty-four at the time of his death.

Eltze died at 10 Claremont, Holy Trinity, Hastings, in the parish of St. Mary-in-the-Castle, on November 11, 1870, from consumption. His mother and his niece were with him at the time of his death, and they afterwards brought his body home to 6 Trafalgar Square, Chelsea; and the final interment took place at Kensal Green, Dr. Painter, of Beaufort Gardens, Brompton, joining the unhappy women on that mournful occasion.

In all the intercourse I had with him, I was deeply impressed by his affectionate devotion to his parents. His love for his mother was very conspicuous. After his father's death he was her chief support, and manifested his love by a thousand delicate attentions. They never seemed to tire of each other's company, and the mother, though he was at home all day, never seemed to tire of him; nor did he ever show the least trace of irritability at living so monotonous and solitary a life, but appeared to be one of the happiest and merriest of men. Without acquaintances or friends, with only an occasional trip out of doors, and that always taken in a cab, and with the daily papers, he continued to conjure up scenes of delightful merriment: quietly sarcastic pictures, seaside tricks

or enjoyments, phases of social life, and sarcastic hits at social blots. Children were a ceaseless source of enjoyment to him; yet he never had the opportunity of seeing them in their pleasant parties at home, or out of doors. But with him the child was the embodiment of all that was jolly, beautiful, tender, gentle in human life; and he portrayed them laughing, frisking, skipping, playing, without a suggestion of sin, or want, or weakness.

Eltze studied at Leigh's schools of art, in Newman Street, for three or four years. In person he was very tall, probably not of less height than six feet, with delicately chiselled features. He was a man of refined taste, and was endowed with a genial and sensitive nature. He was much respected by all who knew him, was generous to a degree, and was always ready to acknowledge the genius shown by the work of other artists, at the same time that he was ready to admit his own shortcomings.

In 1860 there were many great artists before the public. *Once a week* was the only weekly publication illustrated that could afford to employ such men as J. E. Millais, F. Leighton, F. Walker, J. Tenniel, J. Leech, E. J. Poynter, F. Sandys, C. Keene, S. L. Fildes, C. Green, and many others. This periodical was the only medium for bringing together so many artists of high standing. The work was mostly of a fac-simile character, so that the particular style of each artist was represented. I was fortunate in having a good staff of assistants, who took delight in working with me to preserve the special characteristic of each artist's drawing; and without their aid it would have been impossible to have done justice to so much work in the time. I consider the greatest compliment ever paid me was by Eltze, who one day said to me, "How is it you are able to preserve the character of each artist's drawing in the way you do? When I look over any engravings I can generally tell who the engraver is, but when I look at your work I can see at once who the artist is." His pictures gave delight to thousands, and made homes brighter and happier; yet no one dreamed that they were the production of one who all the while lay under the doom of death, who seldom got out into the sunshine, never knew what it was to walk in a garden, and only for a very brief period could look from his windows upon fields and trees.

After her son's death Mrs. Eltze removed to Moore Park Road, Fulham, where, in trying to eke out a small pen-

sion by letting furnished apartments, she quickly got into difficulties.

Her son left an enormous number of drawings behind him, including many unfinished pictures in oil and water. I urged her to allow these to be sold, as she was in great need at the time; but she would not part with one. After the lapse of five or six years she did consent to do so; but by that time, however, the name of Eltze had been utterly forgotten, and no one could be found who took any interest in the drawings which had been made famous by *Punch* and other works. The sketches were sold by public auction and brought very little. Day by day her position became worse and worse, and at last all her goods were seized and sold for rent.

Pecuniary difficulties, loss of sight, and failing health have combined to sadden the closing days of Mrs. Eltze's life, and under the stress of this threefold calamity her mind, I grieve to say, has given way, necessitating her removal to a public asylum.

From Temple Bar.

SHAKESPEARE'S BEAR GARDEN AS IT IS.

BY LIZZIE ALLDRIDGE.

AUTHOR OF "THE QUEEN'S HOUSE," ETC.

OUT of the thousands of English and American tourists who year after year flock to Stratford-on-Avon for Shakespeare's sake, have a dozen, I wonder, sought out his traces on Bankside?

"By the way, where is Bankside? I haven't an idea. It sounds as if it were somewhere up in the North—in Scotland, like Dee-side, you know."

This was the remark of a friend of mine when I told her that I was going to Bankside to look at Shakespeare's bear garden. My friend was a lady supposed to know her London fairly.

"Bankside, Southwark," I explained.

"Yes; but where is Southwark?"

Well, never mind! We all know Cannon Street Railway Bridge, so we can make that our starting-point. Southwark Bridge is the great iron bridge that may possibly have caught your eye as you gazed westward from the carriage window as your train emerged from the great station. The next time this happens, if you will look a little beyond the southern end of the iron bridge, you see the four stumpy turrets of St. Peter's, Bankside, the modern church that covers the site of the once

famous bear pits adjoining the Elizabethan theatres.

On the day I made my little pilgrimage to this classic spot I started from Cannon Street Station, keeping to the left along the busy thoroughfare towards St. Paul's, until I reached Queen Street, which I took. It is a fine broad opening, leading directly on to Southwark Bridge, a crossing of the Thames practically unknown to the average Londoner.

Presently the noise of city traffic died away, the houses came to an end. I was on the bridge, and facing a London clustering, not around St. Paul's, but around the great and venerable St. Saviour's, Southwark.

The ancient church, towering so nobly above the surrounding warehouses, is the first object that arrests attention as one looks towards the southern bank of the Thames. That tower has seen London on both sides of the river burned to ashes; it has looked across the broad water-way to watch the building of the present classical St. Paul's, with the great dome we know so well; it has seen a St. Paul's with a tall Gothic spire, and a St. Paul's without one. There is no map of London so old as not to show the massive tower and crocketed pinnacles of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Shakespeare gazed upon them, so did "Ancient Gower," who sleeps beneath them, so did Chaucer.

I know London pretty well, but this view was new to me. It struck me with peculiar freshness and, I may add, beauty; although there are still a few people left who smile derisively when you connect London and beauty. Unhappy moles!

The scene is really so near the well-known railway-crossing, so slightly shifted, yet how different is the aspect of everything! Looking eastward, the colossal life of the great city impresses one with an overwhelming sense both of magnitude and activity. There is something even solemn in its size and enormous energy. The strength of the Cannon Street Railway Bridge, across which two long trains are passing, the never-ending procession slowly moving over London Bridge beyond it, the mass of distant shipping, the great double-funnelled steamboats—all is large, Titanic, even the noise of the huge station near at hand.

But here, close by, on this wide Southwark Bridge, there is only such scant and leisurely traffic as one may see when crossing any provincial stream into any country town.

Turn away from the gigantic station to the north-west; look over the bridge side, and see down below the quiet little bit of pebbly beach, on which a couple of barges are lying high and dry. In one of them an elderly carpenter is slowly sawing a small plank, with as much gravity and composure as if the hurry of Thames-side life, as one sees it, for instance, just below London Bridge, were to him a thing of the remote past or the far distance.

I did not, however, on the day of my pilgrimage, linger on the iron bridge, but crossed it, and descending a flight of granite steps to the right, was at once on a wharf raised on piles above the foreshore on the Surrey side. Here there is plenty of noise and bustle, the whirr of donkey-engines, the creaking of swinging cranes, the clang of hammers from an adjacent iron foundry, many men at work on many lighters, gangs of loafers idling or waiting about for an odd job.

This is Bankside. Between two blocks of foundry buildings facing the river there is a narrow slit. On one grimy wall I read the name "Bear Garden." I looked up the dingy passage with deep interest, knowing that I was then actually on the old playground of the Elizabethan age, on the ground where —

Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood-notes wild,

as John Milton, the poet of the city side, puts it.

Gazing along the slit I saw black walls shored up with heavy black planks that stretched right across the narrow opening. The ground too was intensely black with the soft refuse sand from the foundry castings. The passage was so distinctly uninviting that had it not been for its name, I should not have gone through it; but being "Bear Garden," I felt I must needs pass along it for Shakespeare's sake.

I was amply rewarded for my boldness; for a short distance up there was a wide opening in the wall, disclosing a great workshop under so admirable a play of light and shade that at the fortunate moment when I was so happy as to see it, it seemed to be absolutely whispering in softly muffled tones: "Come, etch me! Come, etch me!" There was no etcher at hand, so I could but try to fix the scene on my memory the best way I could. Imagine, then, a great workshop with a bright top-light falling on the edges of a multitude of dark wooden rafters and supports, all coated with the soft sand that

had become black by being used for casting; the workmen all toned down to the same dusky hue, moving silently about on the soft, black ground, while the tap and clang of hammers never ceased. Anything more delightfully harmonized by that soft, all-pervading black, that yet, under that brilliant sunlight from above, was so full of such rich color as etchers see and love, can hardly be conceived. And to come upon such an artistic treasure in such a place! It was too delightful! I do not know whether it is to be seen every day. And then, of course, one must take one's eyes with one.

When I had gone some little way further among the iron casting-frames that were standing about everywhere, I turned and looked down Bear Garden riverward. So narrow is the slit that the steeple of one of Wren's city churches, St. James's, Garlick Hithe, Upper Thames Street, seemed quite to fill up the riverside end of it.

Still further up Bear Garden the slit is wider, wide enough for a block of industrial dwellings, the inhabitants of which had tried to get flowers to grow in the windows, but few of them like the soot-laden atmosphere, and those that managed to live there did not bear Shakespearean names. What did Shakespeare know of geraniums and fuchsias? Rose Alley, however, I found in the very next turning to Bear Garden. I hailed it as a memorial of the Rose, one of the long-vanished Bankside play-houses. Of "the great Globe itself," Shakespeare's own play-house, not even the name of an alley remained to tell me the exact spot on which it stood; its site has been absorbed by the great brewery in which Dr. Johnson once took so deep an interest. It must have been quite close to Bear Garden.

Returning to Bear Garden Wharf, I passed along the busy quay until I reached a broad opening inland, at the further end of which are the magnificent plane-trees, the only flourishing green things that refreshed my eyes on this far from verdant bank, whereon no wild thyme grows. The opening is Emerson Street, the trees are within the gates of the great vinegar-works that stand within the ancient limits of the old Bear Garden. Close by them, in Sumner Street, is the modern Church of St. Peter's, covering, they say, the very site of the old bear-baiting circus. The White Bear I noticed in this street, the Brown Bear not far off, but of Shakespeare's own name and fame not a vestige was to be found — locally it has left "not a rack behind."

But if the great dramatist has failed to impress himself on this neighborhood, his sovereign lady is remembered still. Next to the church is Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, and near it a little, old-fashioned alley in which I chanced to see a tidy, ancient dame on a doorstep, and on a stand in a shady corner a brown earthenware pan of clear water, in which were the two halves of the white-heart cabbage she was doubtless going to cook for dinner. It was a little picture in the style of Pieter de Hooghe.

Pond Yard was the next opening from Bear Garden Wharf, a yard quite worth a visit on its own account and in its present state; for there you will find paving-stones and granite kerbs by the thousand, and a huge steam polishing-table, fourteen feet in diameter, at work, smoothing granite as easily as if it were unbaked piecrust, while great blocks of stone are being swung aloft as if they were but of feather weight. On the ground of this pavior's yard there stood, until the early part of this century, those quaint fish-pond houses to which, tradition says, Queen Elizabeth was rather fond of going now and then to do a little quiet angling in the adjoining pike ponds. The "imperial votress" must have been pretty well on in her sixties when Shakespeare owned the Globe; but her coming there in earlier days must have been still common talk along Bankside. Is it possible it can have suggested to the dramatist his Cleopatra's? —

Give me mine angle . . .

I will betray,

Tawny-finned fishes; my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up, I'll think them every one an Anthony, And say, "Ah, ah! you're caught!"

As for bears and bear-baiting, they come in the plays continually. "I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and I have taken him by the chain."

The busy quay of Bear Garden Wharf is hardly the place for a woman to linger about, so after a rapid survey I went home.

But in the cool of the evening, when the sun has gone down between the river and St. Paul's, just as in Shakespeare's days, what a place for a Midsummer Night's Dream!

So, when the city as seen from deserted Bankside, stands out clearly under the soft luminous gravity of the grey blue evening sky, I come again in spirit and settle down quietly on the raised wharf above the solemn river, where, invisible

and undisturbed, I may dream to my heart's content.

Shakespeare is so mysterious a personage that it is dangerous to make any positive assertion about him; but good authorities allow us to believe that for some years he lived in the real Sir John Falstaff's house opposite the east end of that St. Saviour's whose pinnacles still rise with such delicate beauty in the twilight. At any rate it is a great pleasure to me to believe he lived there. The floor of that church he must have trodden. In that church still hangs the hat of his Cardinal Beaufort who "died and made no sign," and who lived in the old palace, the park wall of which Shakespeare must have passed in his daily walks to and from his theatre before he reached the path by the river, and saw Elizabeth's London rising on the low hills opposite.

Who shall say how much of that glorious literature we call "Shakespeare" was thought out during those daily strolls? Did he love London? I think not; not as a Londoner loves London. It was his study, his workshop, but his heart was far away.

The city then, as now, was grouped so beautifully around its cathedral, appealing more strongly to the imagination from beyond the river than when seen piecemeal in its crowded streets. Of that marvellous view from Bankside, as Shakespeare saw it, and as contemporary art has preserved it, what now remains? The river, part of the quaint harbor of Queenhithe, the inlet by Castle Baynard, the White Tower, the ground plan, a few immemorial names, all else gone or changed. Even in Shakespeare's own works the actual form of what he saw is all transmuted into "something rare and strange;" but here on Bear Garden Wharf in spirit may one still dream a Midsummer Dream; and when at length the great station is quiet, when the huge railway bridge has ceased to vibrate with the last ponderous train, here may one see, rising before fancy's eye, a Thames bridge, weird and mystic, invisible in the garish light of day. A Thames bridge with two great wing-like spans, groined as a Gothic roof rises in a moonlight fitful as Ariel's music, and across the bridge airy forms come trooping: Hamlet and Ophelia, Juliet and her Romeo, Shylock and Portia, "the very ill-favored rough bear Sackerson," Queen Mab, Titania, Oberon, Puck, and all the lovely sort of fairyland — all the children of Shakespeare's brain, all dearest friends and companions forever of us and of all the world.

When the first shrieks of the engine are heard, the airy bridge trembles. It is but a bat's back after all, and on that bat's back away they all fly "merrily, merrily," "free to the elements."

From The Spectator.
ARCTIC ASIA.

ARCTIC seas and Arctic shores exercise a grand fascination over the born lovers of daring and perilous enterprises which have the uncertain waters of the great deep for their pathway. The mythical knight-errant disdained a road which was not beset by dangers of unknown intensity, and barred by obstacles which seemed insuperable. So the matter-of-fact and hardy mariner loves to face and overcome the ice, the tempests, the shoals of the northern seas, and become the pioneer of new tracks, leading through dread and desolation to the homes of men. Or he shows that the north-east, like the north-west passage, when proved to exist, is of no value for the purposes of commerce or ordinary intercourse, and does good service by limiting the area wherein man may work for useful ends. But it is the old heroic instinct which still impels the shipman to seek for new paths between coast and coast, link together distant ports, and form a trading highway even through the frozen deep. Nothing but the spirit of noble adventure married to the spirit of beneficent trade could have inspired men with the courageous idea of bringing the products of sequestered Siberia into the markets of the West, through the stormy gulfs and icy seas which lie between the North Cape and the reedy wastes of the mighty Lena. If Nordenskiöld forced his way to Behring's Straits, it was Captain Wiggins who preceded him in the Kara Sea, and showed how bold, persevering seamanship could push a tiny craft many score, and, afterwards, a four-hundred-ton steamer twelve hundred miles up the Yenesei, who has made other voyages, and undaunted by disappointment when so near complete success this very year, still believes as firmly as he did twenty years ago, that he can connect the ports of England, through the Arctic Sea and the rivers rising in the Altai Mountains, with the abounding products of Siberia.

The huge dominion east of the Ural Mountains which naturally fell into the hand of Russia, is in the painful position of having much to sell, and few external

markets, because it has no rapid or easy communications with the outside world. Siberia has passed through the stage of a convict-prison, and, at least a great part of it, has become a flourishing settlement, towards which the steppe population of European Russia are steadily gravitating. The word has gone forth that land is readily obtained, and the peasants are selling their interests in the old to plant homes in the new domain. That tendency, of course, if it lasts, will quickly enhance the disposable wealth of the country, and force attention to the means of supplying or finding outlets. But already, before the fresh human tide had begun to flow eastward, the land had for export a surplus, actual or potential. The rivers swarm with fish, the forests yield not only fine timber but a wealth of fur, the southern fields are prolific in grain, and the mountains cover stores of precious and useful metals. The floods, in the season of melting snows, bring down and distribute rich gifts of alluvial soil, and lying all around are vast resources of all kinds, which industry may develop, which effective demand would realize. Even now, on the great streams whose course is measured by thousands of miles, scores of large steamers float, and bear to and fro the local traffic. But the wealth produced has no way out by sea, and no easy way by land. The merchants, the cultivators, the hunters, the fishermen, feel their relative isolation, and pine for prompt and ready access to the big markets of the world. The government of the czar has not given them a railway, such as he has bestowed on the Tekkes and Usbeks, and they have not yet displayed that inventiveness, energy, and daring, which would enable them to build sea-going steamers, and find a road for themselves to trading Europe. Indeed, they have failed, or have not been allowed to succeed, in an attempt to reach the lower Yenesei through the big estuary or gulf where it joins the ocean. During the past summer, Captain Wiggins, in the Labrador, successfully got through the Kara Sea, entered the Yenesei, and arrived at the appointed rendezvous. The river steamer, sent down with a cargo which was to have been exchanged for that borne by the Labrador, also arrived at the head of the gulf. Here were the vessels within two hundred miles of each other, yet they could not communicate, because the Russian craft dared not venture on the navigation, and the British ship had no tender to send up. The latter deficiency was not an oversight, but happened because funds

could not be got to supply one. So the venture failed when within an ace of success, and the two ships returned whence they came. The cause of the failure, however, shows plainly enough that the enterprise so resolutely followed by Captain Wiggins and his friends is well within the range of what is practical.

It would be interesting to know whether the Russian government is anxious that Siberia should be opened up to sea-traffic. In the early papers of Captain Wiggins, we read of some aversion to the "foreign element" at St. Petersburg and Moscow, while in Siberia no such feeling seems to have arisen, as they were and are anxious for an outlet. Only vessels covered by the Russian flag can navigate the rivers; and as the real difficulty lies in traversing the last two hundred miles, it would seem that the flag should fly on a craft capable of facing the winds and waves of the lower waters. That should not be beyond the compass of Yenesei boat-building; but unless the government is in earnest, as it may be, the thing will not be done. Perhaps, also, the contemplated railway, which M. Vishnegradsky cannot yet find the money for, may interfere to postpone, if not prevent, the accomplishment of an object upon which much treasure and so much more energy and determination have been expended. At the same time, there is no reason why the varied productions of Siberia should not be transported by sea as well as by land, or at least that the sea-transport — it can only go on for a few weeks in the year — should not be permitted and promoted until Siberia is stocked with railways.

The sea-route to Siberia is round the North Cape, and thence to the narrow pass called the Iron Gates, which leads into the Kara Sea, once, but apparently no longer, dreaded for its ice-floes. The navigator then has to pass to the north of the Samoyede peninsula, cross the Gulf of the Obi, and turn southward into the Yenesei, where the multiplicity of channels and the utter lack of charts form the chief difficulty. It is a weird region. In the brief summer, the islands off the coast, so dreary in winter, are covered with flowers, sweet berries, reindeer, and flocks of wild fowl. "On the shores of these islands," wrote Captain Wiggins in 1877, "driftwood was piled up in monster heaps, which contained trees of the largest dimensions, some of which would make masts for our largest men-of-war. Most of them were as sound as the day they were lodged there, owing to the pre-

serving power of the climate, and there is no doubt that most of these splendid spars have been lying there for centuries." Repeated visits to this region of wild and savage grandeur have shown how practicable it is to reach its waters; and whatever opinion the government may hold, there can be no doubt but that the people who live on the upper districts would heartily welcome the regular arrival of traders. Nor is it surprising that they should crave for access to the ocean. They have much produce and superb water-ways, — all leading to the frozen north, which yields for three months to the summer sun. The Obi has a course of twenty-seven hundred miles, while the Yenesei is still longer, running from Lake Baikal to the sea near the great mouth of the sister-stream. These two rivers drain an immense area, and are navigable over the greater part of their track. The severity of the climate does not prevent the growth of profitable crops in the southern moiety, and in addition there are the valuable furs and the countless fish. The relative wealth of the richer population makes them crave for European commodities, and even the tea, everywhere required, might be carried thither more cheaply by the sea-route than it is overland from China. Here, again, perhaps, the contemplated railway might be used to supply tea as well as other things; but as it is not and will not be constructed for years, until it is why should not the wants of Siberia be satisfied by traffic with the coast? Formerly, the special territory now invaded or sought to be invaded by ships, was called the "land of darkness." The darkness has vanished before the light of naval enterprise, thanks to Wiggins and Norden-skjold, and only a rigid prohibitive system can prevent commerce from spreading up to the central chain of Asiatic Russia.

From Chambers' Journal.

MY ORDERLY.

WHEN I was ordered up to the hills on duty, and left my regiment in the Punjab, I took formal leave of my sepoy orderly at the door of our forsaken bungalow, and presented him with all the old newspapers, broken chairs, tin boxes, bottles, and such other valuables as one generally leaves behind on seeking new pastures. But, to my astonishment, he rushed wildly on to the platform just as the train was starting, to give a final salute, gasping for breath,

with great tears trickling down his black cheeks. He must have run after the *gari* all the way to the station, or gone across country through compounds and over walls with wonderful agility for a lumbering six-foot Sikh. Anyhow, I was so touched by this unexpected display of emotion on the part of the simple sepoy, that, stretching my arm out of the window, I warmly wrung his hand in a second farewell. Then I suppose he went sorrowfully back to see that nobody had appropriated his precious *Punches* and *Graphics*, and to haggle over the price of the bottles and biscuit-tins in the bazaar, while I rattled away to Lahore, sorry to part with my faithful but stupid *bâtman*. For he was thick-headed to a degree, and, with an intense desire to please, he combined the most astonishing faculty for working mischief and making mistakes in the simplest bit of work.

Once, shortly after he had come to us fresh from the lines, two ladies coming to call found this smiling giant in the veranda, and on hearing that the memsahib was within, they placed in his unsuspecting hand several cards. This was evidently a new experience for Mana Singh; but being apparently some form of *dâk*—that is, post—he went into the drawing-room, which happened to be empty, and laid the cards on the table on which he had been taught to put letters. He then retired by another door to the back of the house to think over the matter, leaving the ladies to wait outside for a considerable time, when they were luckily seen by my bearer. After this, nothing would induce Mana Singh to face a lady coming to call, he being evidently in dread of meeting the victims of his previous error.

His conversation was absolutely unintelligible, the little Hindustani he knew being obscured by a strong Gurmukhi accent; and his shyness when in society, especially in the presence of ladies, was overwhelming. When he came into the room with one of his very numerous idiotic questions, his feelings generally deprived him of the slender powers of speech he possessed, and he had a trick of picking the whitewash off the wall with his nail, while his two big toes engaged in a furious battle with each other as he stood speechless with shamefaced emotion, the picture of imbecility. When my wife's risibility was naturally excited by this display, he would join in the laugh with a hysterical giggle which continued until he was sent outside to recover.

It was very risky to send him shopping

in the bazaar; there was no saying what he might not invest in. After one alarming feat in this line, my wife gave up having his assistance in her housekeeping. He was sent to buy some soap, but evidently misunderstood what was wanted. After having been absent the whole day, during which, as he himself explained, he had ransacked both the Sadr Bazaar and the native city, he appeared triumphantly in the evening with a large living snake tied up in a cloth, which reptile he proudly let loose on the floor to everybody's consternation. Luckily, the snake was harmless; yet it was a most undesirable article of domestic economy, the very antithesis of soap, and so the crestfallen orderly had to return it the next day.

He was not a *shikari*, although very desirous to figure as such. When we were marching along the Afghan frontier, I sometimes took him out shooting, if any of the more sporting Pathans of the regiment were not available. Then his ingenuity in getting into the way of the guns was remarkable. When beating grass jungle for black partridge his enthusiasm led him far in advance of the line, and on being shouted at in forcible language, he would come smiling back in the teeth of the guns, of course putting up the only old cock we had seen for half an hour, and causing another volley of expletives.

But it was in snipe-shooting that he excelled. He always managed to get stuck in the slimiest bits of the *jhil* or swamp; and when obliged to jump a ditch, he would give a wild, ineffectual spring into the air, which usually landed him in the middle of the water, whence he ungracefully floundered, dripping and muddy, to the inexpressible delight of the Pathans who happened to be with us, and who considered his unsportsmanlike proclivities to be fair game. All this he took in the most perfect good-humor, and he would join in the laugh as he wiped the mud out of his eyes. Owing to these aquatic habits, it was dangerous to entrust to his care either cartridges or lunch. On Christmas day he produced the haversack full of sandwiches, made extra good in honor of the occasion, in the condition of very muddy trifle, he himself covered from head to foot with the blackest mud. The state of his person he explained by the fact that he had been acting as an amateur diver in quest of the whiskey bottle, at the bottom of a deep and slimy ditch into which he had dropped the precious liquid, and without which he knew better than to appear.

The camel which carried my belongings took a most particular dislike to Mana Singh, and made his life miserable by snapping ferociously at him whenever he came within reach while it was being loaded. This dislike on the camel's part was reciprocated by the orderly, combined with the most sincere terror for the animal, and what loading-up he did was very skirmishingly effected from the rear. But when the beast was safely on the road with my tent and bedding on its back, and the cord of bondage in its nostril, then he had his revenge as he walked airily along beside it, digging it in the ribs with his rifle, exhorting it to *chalo*, and generally behaving unkindly to it.

One day, when my bearer was ill, I entrusted to him the onerous duty of brewing my morning tea; and after a careful demonstration of the uses of the teapot, etc., I thought he might possibly succeed in preparing that beverage without a blunder. So the next morning, he stumbled into my tent in the dark at *réveillé*, and after some mysterious evolutions with rattling cups and spoons, announced that the tea was ready. Then I shiveringly turned out into the freezing air, to find a cup half filled with a mixture of dry tea and sugar, with a teapot of hot water standing beside it. Great was his regret and profuse his promises to do better next time, when I explained to him, that although this might be the best method of making tea according to Sikh ideas, yet it did not accord with the inscrutable customs of the Sahib-log.

In cantonments he had a great friend — a brother orderly who lived in the next compound. These two used to vie with each other as to whose house would be most beautifully decorated with all the scraps of colored paper and pictures they could lay their hands on. Mana Singh's dwelling was a dark little mud hut about ten feet square, with a narrow, low door, in my servants' lines, and of this abode he was as proud as any rajah of his palace. Its walls were covered with advertisement sheets from the *Queen*, pictures from *Punch* and other papers, as often upside down as not, and in the place of honor a big chromo from some Christmas number. I was often called on to admire when any new work of art was added to this gallery, and sometimes a joint request would be made to me, with much nudging and giggling between the disputants, that I should inspect Amar Singh's house as well, and give an impartial opinion as to which was the most artistic and beautiful.

Besides the pictures, Mana Singh's house contained a *charpoy* or bedstead, half-a-dozen brass cooking-vessels, highly polished and shining like gold, and a little mud fireplace in one corner. On the wall hung a diminutive mirror, an article in very frequent use, for our friend was exceedingly vain, and would spend hours sitting in the sun trimming his beard and combing his long hair, which he wore screwed into a knot and fastened on the top of his head with a little comb, in the usual Sikh fashion.

In spite of his stupidity, he had many good points, and I never could find the heart to relegate him to the lines. He was so proud of his position, and seemed to consider the bungalow and all it contained his own especial property, as he walked smilingly about the compound dazzling the eye in his garments and prodigious *pagri* of spotless white and his funny little scarlet waistcoat. Many a laugh we had over him and his ways, and I often wish that my present staid and proper little Goorkha possessed a little of the absurdity of honest Mana Singh.

From The Athenæum.

THE ANCESTRY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

MOST people who have friends on the other side of the Atlantic, or who are at all conversant with the tastes and pursuits of our kindred in the United States, must be aware that the Americans have quite a passion for making out their descent from English forefathers, and tracing their pedigrees back to a remote past. The result has been that a certain number of ingenious pedigrees have been constructed, at a considerable cost to those who wanted them, which have sometimes brought ridicule and confusion of face to the worthy gentleman who paid for them, when they have come to be ruthlessly taken to pieces by experts. Yankees are not slow to learn a lesson, and are not likely to go on being taken in, and it may safely be said that, within certain limits of research, there are no better genealogists now to be found than among our American cousins — that is, genealogists more laborious, enthusiastic, acute, and severely critical — men less inclined to jump at conclusions, or to be satisfied with anything short of absolute proof. It was not always so.

It seems that when George Washington was declared first president of the United

States in April, 1789, he or his kindred were, very naturally, anxious to discover all that could be discovered about their English forefathers. It was perfectly well known that John Washington, the great-grandfather of the first president, had emigrated to Virginia about the year 1657, and with him had come his brother Lawrence, the two men being then respectively about twenty-three and twenty-two years of age. But where did they come from? Who were they? As nobody in America could answer these questions, an application seems to have been made to the *Heralds' College*, and Sir Isaac Heard, garter king of arms in 1791, set himself to deal with the problem, and to construct a Washington pedigree. In the slapdash fashion of those days the thing was soon brought to a happy conclusion, and the brothers John and Lawrence Washington were declared to have been the sons of Lawrence Washington, of Sulgrave in the county of Northampton, who had died in 1616. To do only common justice to Sir Isaac Heard, it should be said that he gave forth this pedigree with some little — some very little — misgiving as to its certainty. Other people of importance were, however, perfectly satisfied with Heard's results; and among others George Baker, the historian of Northamptonshire, accepted them as conclusive, and made a pretty little addition thereto.

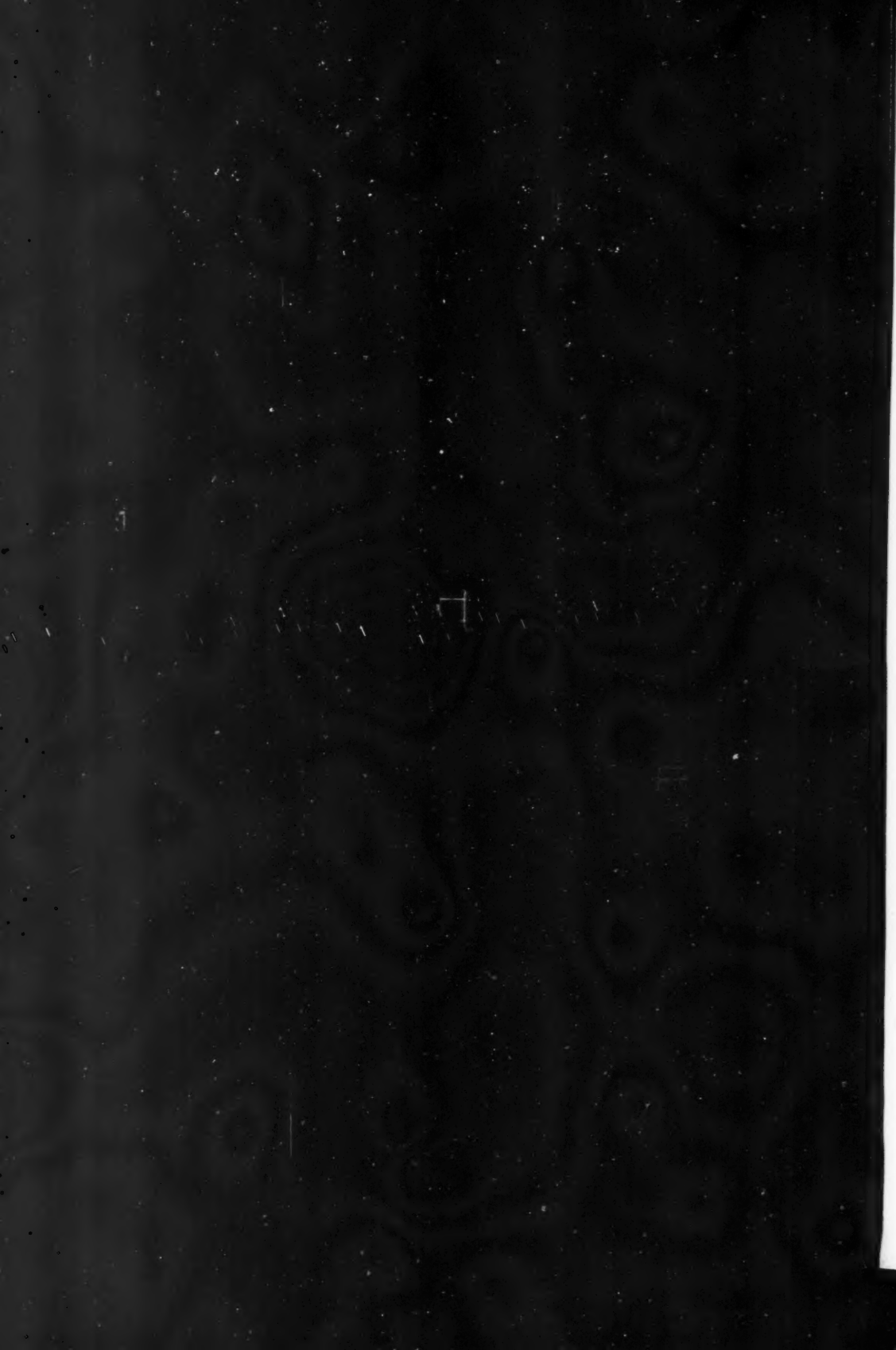
In 1866, however, Heard's theory was demolished by Col. Chester, who showed that Heard's John Washington was Sir John Washington of Thrapston, of whom a great deal may be known, and that Heard's Lawrence Washington was a clergyman and certainly not the emigrant. Moreover, it was quite certain that Heard's two men would have been a great deal too old to emigrate in 1657. Heard's pedigree, therefore, was "blown into the air." Col. Chester himself tried to make out the descent, and spent years upon it; but he died in 1882 without being able to satisfy himself, and the Washington pedigree seemed as far from being made out as ever. It was at this point that Mr. Henry F. Waters, of Hartford, Connecticut, entered upon the task. A most patient and cautious student, with almost superhuman powers of work, and of great simplicity and earnestness of character, he had been sent over by a society of gentlemen in New England to pursue certain researches

for the New England Historic Genealogical Society, and it was while carrying on this work that he came upon his first clue. Lawrence Washington, the younger of the two emigrants, had died in January, 1677, and had left a will behind him, which was duly proved in Virginia; but he had property in England too, and letters of administration were taken out in May, 1677, on this property, and Mr. Waters came upon the document which recorded the fact. This was enough for so practised a genealogist. Step by step he made his footing surer until he had traced back the ancestry of the great American patriot through ten generations, discovered the alliances which the heads of the house and its prominent members had entered into from time to time, and made it quite clear that there was no lack of illustrious blood in the veins of the two brothers who emigrated to Virginia in 1657.

Not the least curious part of this story, which, as Mr. Waters tells it in his communication to the New England Historic Genealogical Society, reads like a real romance — an actually exciting hunt for big game — is that Sir Isaac Heard was so very nearly being right a century ago, and only missed the honor of solving the Washington problem by dropping out a single generation. The very Lawrence Washington whom Heard and Baker took to be one of the two emigrants was really the father of them both. He was a distinguished Oxford man, obtained the living of Purleigh in 1633, was ejected from it for his loyalty to the king ten years later, and died about 1655 — clearly a man of substance, whose children were not without ample means. It is to be hoped that Mr. Waters's essay will be published in a form accessible to the general public. It is far too valuable and far too interesting a monograph to be buried in the proceedings of a local society and to be printed in its present hideous and repulsive type. The pedigree will delight Mr. Francis Galton, and cannot but help to confirm largely his theories on the laws of hereditary genius; and America may be excused for feeling some pride and satisfaction that so worthy a descent has been so triumphantly made out for the man to whom she owes so great a debt of gratitude, and that, too, exactly in the hundredth year after he was nominated first president of the United States.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

[illegible]



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